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VANITY
TREATMENT YET

OSCAR ISAAC

AN OVERNIGHT SUCCESS
A DECADE IN THE MAKING



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—
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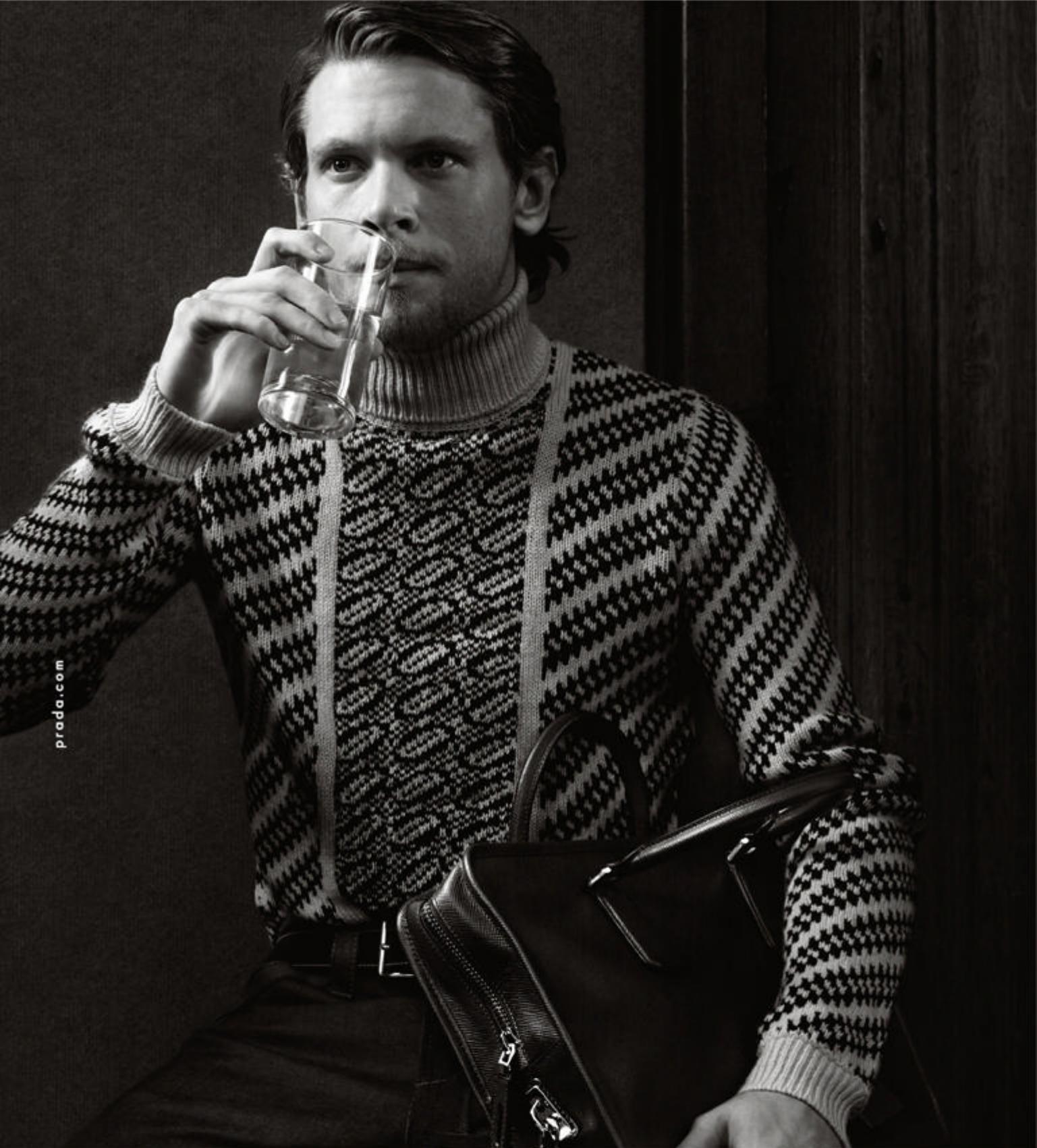


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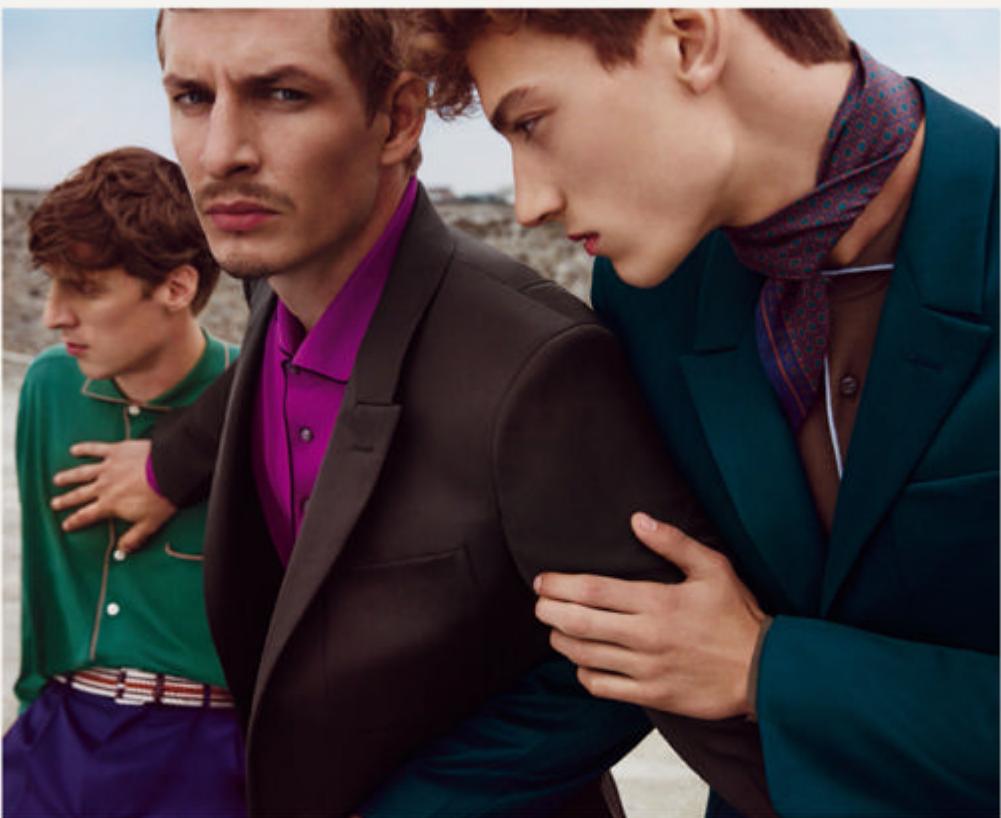
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London, October 2014



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VOLUME 33 ISSUE 06

**FEATURES****78 | THE EVOLUTION OF OSCAR ISAAC**

Like his hero Al Pacino before him, the acclaimed 35-year-old is a leading man with the soul of a character actor. After the release of this month's sci-fi thriller *Ex Machina*, to be followed by a little movie called *Star Wars Episode VII*, Isaac may well surrender his status as Hollywood's most coveted actor who's not yet a household name. By Alex Bhattacharji

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COVER Photograph by Mark Seliger. Styling by Vanessa Chow. Clothing by Giorgio Armani.

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By Jason Tesauro



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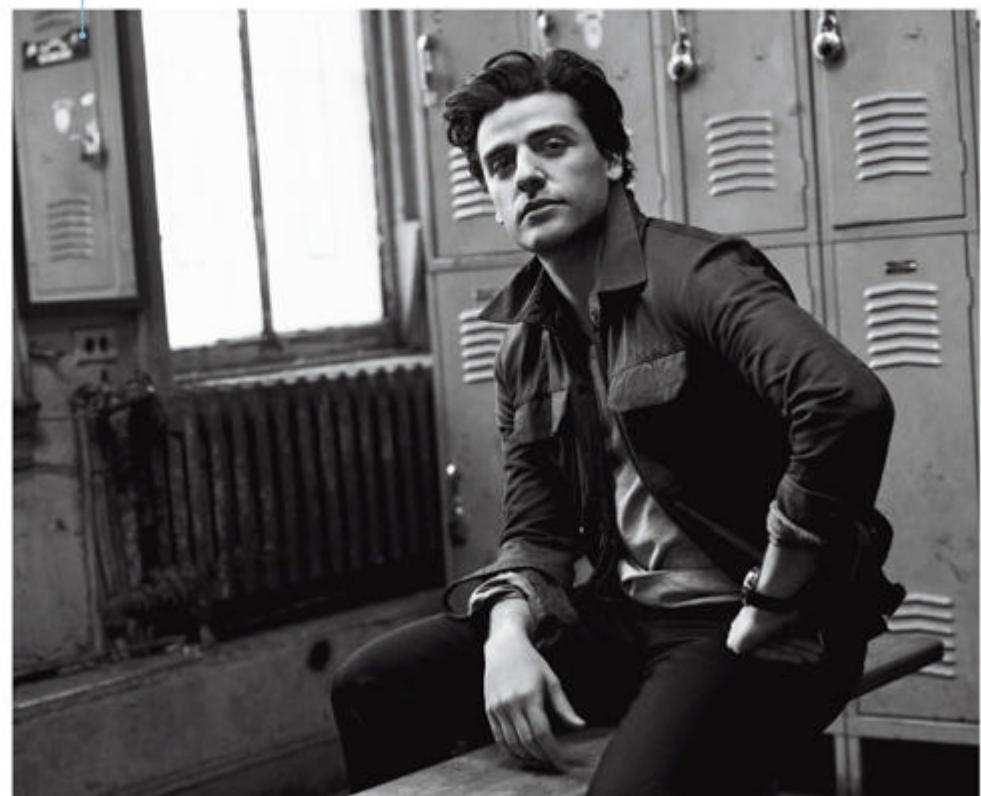
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THIS IS AN ANNIVERSARY YEAR HERE AT DETAILS. In October, it will be 15 years since the re-launch of the magazine (and 15 years since I became its editor). And while we will no doubt make some noise about this milestone in the October issue, I can't help but be a bit nostalgic at the moment—particularly as I sit down to write this letter.

It was 15 years ago this month that I was asked to edit this magazine and was charged with bringing in a team to help me figure out not only who we were going to reach with *Details* but what we were going to say to them. And while we weren't cracking the genetic code, we were seeking answers to what seemed like some weighty questions at the time. Chief among them: What was the state of masculinity at the dawn of a new millennium? What, in essence, did men want?

When I went back and looked at some of the press surrounding the relaunch of the magazine, two things became abundantly clear. One: I said some pretty dumb shit back then about men wanting to be able to moisturize without being persecuted. And two: Not all men are the same, and as a result, not all men's magazines should be the same. So, *Details* became (rather by accident) the standard-bearer for

the metrosexual movement. We were going to moisturize and meditate. We were going to wear tapered jeans and go to MOMA. We were going to wax poetic and wax privates.

At the time, the masculine ideal in this country was still deeply rooted in beer-and-babes culture. *Gladiator* was one of the most popular movies of the year, searing Russell Crowe's Oscar-winning portrayal of General Maximus into the public consciousness. The gentle giant . . . complete with loincloth.

Details ran counter to this ideal. We were speaking for the emerging Alpha Male. We were going to be the men we wanted to be, the men our fathers couldn't be.

And eventually the metrosexual went mainstream—skinny jeans and all.

But has the pendulum swung too far? Fifteen years later, there seem to be unintended consequences to the years of overgrooming. Have we plucked and tweezed away the classic—if not clichéd—traits that made the strong, silent type so attractive to so many women?

Oops.

"In truth, they never went away, but they are newly ascendant, thanks to the considerable cultural fatigue—on the part of both women and men—with the preening, under-

fed, self-loving, sensitive-to-a-fault men who have multiplied so widely since the turn of the millennium," writes Jesse Ashlock in "Inside the Mass-culine Ideal," on page 110.

"There's been an inordinate amount of hand-wringing lately about the 'end of men'—as represented by such recent pop-sociological male archetypes as the Apatowian man-child, the lumbersexual (basically a plaid-clad metrosexual, the suffix *-sexual* being to men in crisis as *-gate* is to scandals), and the enlightened, enervated hipster, whose sensitive, self-absorbed, share-every-feeling ways all but demanded the strong, silent type's return to favor."

Can the hangdog, mustachioed, home-brewing, composting guy who weeps during sex reclaim some beer-swilling, bench-pressing, roof-tiling machismo? Time will tell.

But remember: Always get a pedicure before wearing gladiator sandals. —D.P.

P.S. Masculinity isn't the only thing that's evolving. We'll be rolling out a series of changes this anniversary year. Starting with this issue, you'll notice we no longer have a section called "The Body"—but weep not, you'll still find all the health and fitness coverage you need to look good in a loincloth.

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The Garden Egg chair (seen here in miniature) was designed in 1968 by Peter Ghyczy. A folding top made it perfect for year-round outdoor use.

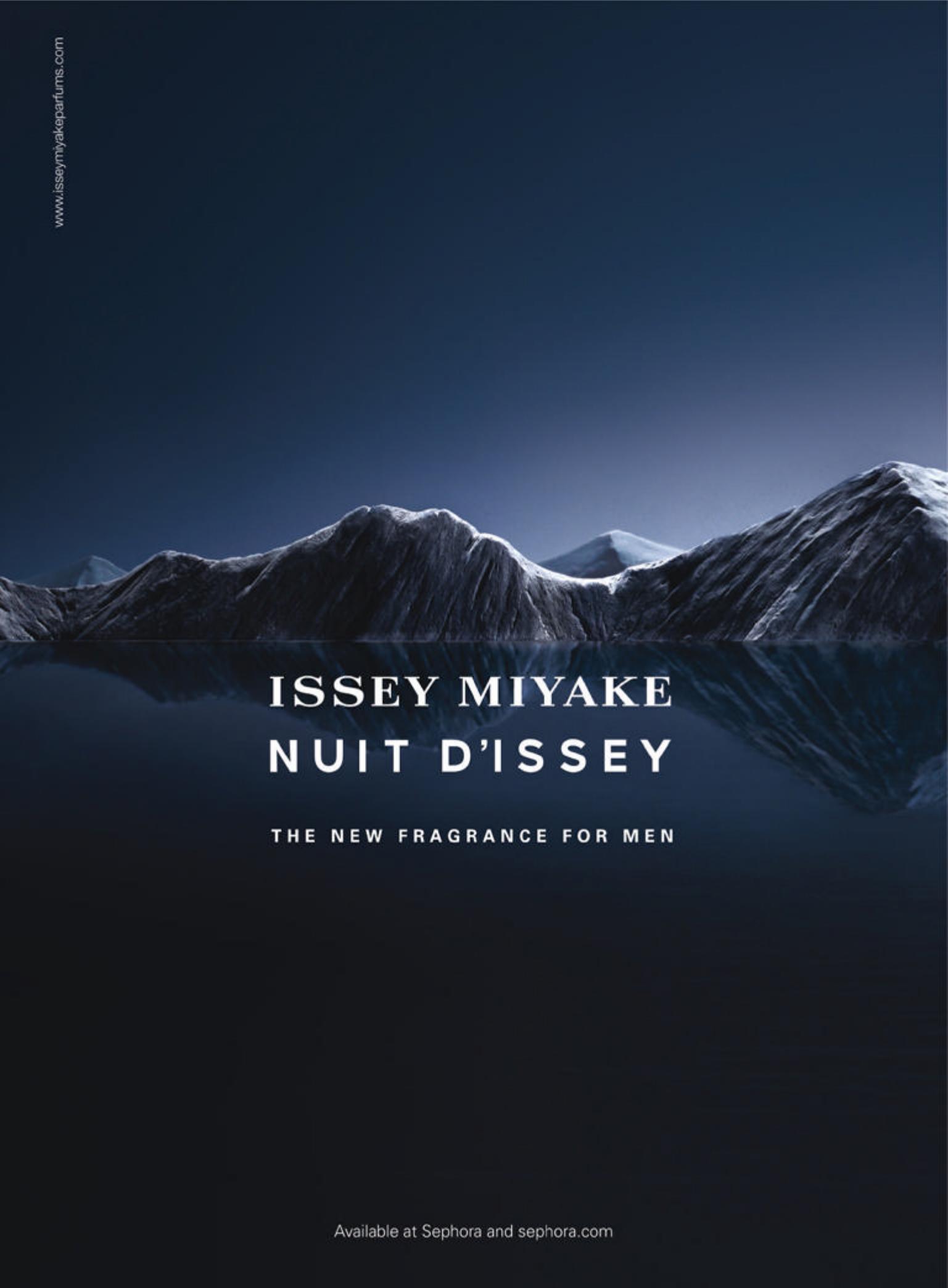


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BY JUSTIN FENNER • PHOTOGRAPH BY VICTOR PRADO

**Parrot Zik 2.0**

The app that comes with these Philippe Starck-designed headphones will appeal to the sound-obsessed: With the swipe of a finger, you can switch among a variety of acoustic settings, simulating how your favorite songs sound in, say, a concert hall or a living room. \$400; parrot.com

**Sol Republic Shadow**

Don't be fooled by the Shadow's discreet profile. This in-ear model packs superb sound quality and is perfect for the consummate multitasker—it can connect to two devices at once, meaning you can answer phone calls in the middle of a laptop Netflix binge. \$99; solrepublic.com

**Bang & Olufsen BeoPlay H8**

Luxury lovers will appreciate the H8's fine leather (part cowhide, part lambskin) and lightweight aluminum frame. Its advanced touch interface on the right ear cup allows you to play, pause, and skip tracks—and as a nice bonus, you can operate the controls without having to remove your killer Gucci gloves. \$499; beoplay.com

**Beats Solo² Wireless**

Beats' latest wireless design is the best bet for those who like their high tech hands-off and want decent sound right out of the box. Its acoustics come pre-tuned to get what you hear as close as possible to what your favorite artists intended. \$300; beatsbydre.com

No Strings Attached

Until recently, wearing wireless headphones seemed a surefire way to make a man look downright dorky. But audio brands are finally getting hip to the visual, rolling out state-of-the-art Bluetooth headsets stylish enough to pair with your favorite M65 jacket. "We've hit a really awesome point at which the technology is there, the sound quality is there, and the design and style are catching up," says Caleb Denison, who reviews audio products at the online tech guide Digital Trends. Here, four models that look as good as they sound.





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BY ADAM ERACE

INSIDER'S GUIDE

What's Brewing in Philadelphia



In 1994, when Todd Carmichael cofounded La Colombe off Rittenhouse Square, there wasn't a Starbucks in the city. So the idea of small-batch roasting was a daring one. Even today, Carmichael doesn't shy from risky undertakings: He hunts for rare beans on Travel Channel's *Dangerous Grounds* ("I'm leaving for the Turkish-Syrian border tonight" is how he begins a voice mail). But when he's not minding an expanding empire of cafés, he's home, safely, in Philadelphia, where he's seen the 21-year evolution that's made it a foodie destination. "Philly has become a craft hub," he says. "People give a shit." Clearly: The city has one of the most vibrant culinary scenes in America (which pols in town for the 2016 Democratic National Convention will enjoy). Here's how Carmichael goes full-on Philly.

02



03



05



04



PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF EACH LOCATION.

THE APOLOGY DINNER

"I might've gotten into some trouble in some country and gotten my wife upset. But I took her to **Vetri** [1] and all was forgiven. It's candlelit—the diamond ring of restaurants. I love the cured sausages and

cheeses. And as a guy who spends a lot of time eating street food in foreign countries, having a refined bottle of wine—like the Haut-Brion we drank—is glorious."

THE MENTAL BREAK

"My life can get

stressful, and my psychiatrist is a Big Dog Ridgeback—a superlight, elongated, customized chopper. I ride it out of the city along Route 23, past trees and streams and giant stone homes, into Valley Forge, where there are tons of deer and stars."

THE HOT NEIGHBORHOOD

"We opened a 16,000-square-foot café in **Fishtown** [2]. On Frankford Avenue, the main drag, I can grab amazing barbecue at Fette Sau, a couple of beers from Bottle Bar East, and a slice from Pizza Brain."



Vetri's Nantucket scallop with spaghetti

01

THE NIGHT OUT WITH THE BOYS

"I distill rum, and I'm drawn to raw ingredients, so my idea of a cocktail is a bourbon or a rum on ice. When my friends and I get together, we go to the **Ranstead Room** [3], a back-alley bar in Center City."

THE PLACE TO STAY

"Philly is such a walkable city, and from the **Palomar hotel** [4], you can be anywhere you need to be in 10 minutes. This is where I send people coming to town. It's refined and subtle and quiet, even though it's right off Walnut Street, which is like the equator of Philly."

guy, and Domenick Federico has been my guy for 21 years. It's 40 minutes of oils and lotions and massaging the skin before he even takes a razor to you, so the hair comes off like butter. You know when you were a kid and you got a new pair of tennis shoes? You thought you could run faster because those shoes were fast. That's the feeling you get when you get a shave from Domenick. You feel like you're smarter, you're cleaner, and you're ready to take on the world."

THE RESTAURANT EVERYONE'S GOING NUTS ABOUT

"**Serpico** is industrial, but also dreamy. The menu is short ribs, fried duck confit, sliced pig head, duck-liver mousse, slow-cooked halibut. There's a big chef's counter around the open kitchen. I always try to sit there, but as soon as my guys hear I'm going to Serpico for dinner, the group gets real big, real fast, and we all wind up at one of the wood tables."

THE BLUE-CHIP CLOTHIER

"I just bought three suits from **Boyd's** [5], which is where every man in Philly knows he'll shop when he becomes successful. They put me in a Canali suit. It looks fucking cool."

THE OLD-SCHOOL BARBER

"If you're going to get a straight-razor shave, you've got to find an Italian



THE BIG IDEA

How Business Jargon Jumped the Shark Tank

There is a place for using terms like *net-net*, *scalable*, *blue-skying*, and *optimizing*—and that place isn't a restaurant, a coffee bar, or anywhere else outside the office. It's time we left the entrepreneurial lingo to, you know, the entrepreneurs. Can you start actioning that?



BY ANDREW ESSEX • PHOTOGRAPH BY VICTOR PRADO

AN EMBARRASSING THING HAPPENED RECENTLY at a prominent Silicon Alley eatery. A young CEO was enjoying a pleasant dinner with his investors when he was suddenly shown the door by restaurant staff. Turns out, a waiter had overheard the exec say, "Guys, I need to exit immediately," and took it literally.

It's hard to blame the poor food-service professional for his confusion. Once upon a time, talk of exit strategies was confined to firehouses and military CENTCOMS, but as start-up culture increasingly infects daily life, such insider lingo has become standard even in social settings. There are precedents: American English is a verbal melting pot that never stops boiling, a mash-up of huddled masses, a gorgeous mosaic of accents, inflections, and intonations. Over the past few decades, our vernacular has incorporated such dialects as Valley Girl, Ebonics, Chelsea sibilant, and Matthew McConaughey, among other spices, into our aural stew. Not surprisingly, the linguistic flavor of the moment mirrors our latest collective cultural fascination.

Indeed, driven by the incredible half-decade success of shows like *Shark Tank*, on which Mark Cuban, Daymond John, Barbara Corcoran, and Kevin O'Leary have democratized such previously esoteric concepts as pre-money valuation, convertible notes, and supply-chain management, not to mention other pop-culture confections inspired by the you-too-can-be-a-billionaire tech bubble (we're looking at you, HBO's *Silicon Valley*), business jargon seems to have become our lingua franca. It's as if our mother tongue had been incubated in an M.B.A. accelerator. Call it the mission creep of start-up-speak, the Esperanto of Entrepreneur Nation. Let's face it: We're all disruptive innovators now. And the sad truth is, we sound kind of douchey. Cuban kvells in a recent *Shark Tank* promo, saying that his 9-year-old "loves to talk about valuations."

You've surely heard similar stuff. Perhaps it started when your mom labeled herself "chief domestic officer." Or when a barista said he was "efforting" your latte. Or was it the customer-service rep who promised to "action" your item? Maybe it was the time your bartender decided to "socialize" a new cocktail, or when your cousin "pivoted" from premed to poli-sci? Maybe it was when the babysitter quit because the gig wasn't "scalable." Or the day every single one of your friends started *circling back, teeing up, blue-skying, whiteboarding, or running point* on something? The straw that broke my back? The electrician who e-mailed, "Will revert by COB." WTF?

But we can't just blame others, because chances are we're talking the talk too. Was that really you who channeled Mark Cuban or his *Shark Tank* castmate Mr. Wonderful and "tasked" your as-

A GLOSSARY OF TORTURED TERMS

bandwidth

PROPER USE: *n*: amount of time an employee has for any given project
JARGON ABUSE: "I wanted to clean the kitchen, but I just didn't have the bandwidth."

cascade

PROPER USE: *v*: to disperse information to subordinates
JARGON ABUSE: "Let's cascade this vacation itinerary to everyone."

effort

PROPER USE: *n*: exertion
JARGON ABUSE: Verbization, a frequent faux pas, as in "efforting to get a dinner reservation."

ideate

PROPER USE: *v*: to brainstorm
JARGON ABUSE: "Can we ideate some options for happy hour?"

optimize

PROPER USE: *v*: to rework to create maximum efficiency
JARGON ABUSE: "Getting an Audi A8 is really going to optimize my commute."

pivot

PROPER USE: *v*: to transition or change directions at a specific point
JARGON ABUSE: "Pivoting from coffee to green tea was totally worth it."

scalable

PROPER USE: *adj*: capable of performing well or better at greater size
JARGON ABUSE: "I don't have the supplies to make this paella scalable."

value-add

PROPER USE: *v*: to enhance a product before presenting it to consumers
JARGON ABUSE: "The prix-fixe menu is great, but let's value-add it with the wine pairing."

sistant to pick up the dry cleaning? Could it be you who just chirped, without the slightest irony, "Net-net, we had a pretty good vacation?" Did you really tell your buddies you had a "friction-free" bachelor party or that you "optimized" your breakfast?

So how did it happen? What infected us? According to Andrew Yang, CEO of Venture for America, a nonprofit that helps young people start companies in emerging cities, it's just life imitating capitalism. "We're evolving because the workplace now makes it a priority for employees to become more entrepreneurial." The risk, as Yang points out, is that all this official-sounding nomenclature—*lean, MVP, bootstrapping, hackathon, acqui-hire, big data, fail fast*, etc.—threatens to turn us into a horde of conformist clowns with a communal vocabulary so oversaturated that it loses all meaning. "It's starting to get a little ridiculous," he admits with a sigh. Other students of linguistics are more sanguine, chalking it up to human nature. Jim Stigler, a psychologist and cofounder of Startup UCLA, an on-campus incubator, says mass language adoption like this happens all the time. "Human beings take concepts from one domain and infuse them into another. It's just the way the mind works and what drives creative change. If there's a fit and a need, people will glom onto something." So how long must we expect to keep glomming? According to Michael Adams, a professor at Indiana University who specializes in the history of the English language, jargon endures if it's elastic enough to branch into more general types of speech. "Look at slang like *yada yada yada*," he says. "That was a mostly obscure Yiddishism until it got into *Seinfeld* and everyone started saying it. But now no one uses it anymore." By way of contrast, he cites the success of *eighty-six*, which originated as code for "out of stock" among 1920s soda jerks. The fate of start-up-speak could go either way. "If this jargon is going to make that permanent transition," Adams says, "it's going to be a generation till we know." That's a lot of leaning in.

The good news? Unlike sticks and stones, jargon never really hurt anyone. No one ever got killed for pointing out the "salient" features of a tasting menu or faulting the "user experience" of a ski lift. At least, not yet. So let's task ourselves with efforting to adopt the following action item: Use moderation. Consider this cautionary tale from a sector where business jargon never works. "I know one entrepreneur whose new girlfriend dumped him 'cause he treated her as 'another stakeholder to be managed,'" says VFA's Yang, who warns that mixing business-speak and dating is a recipe for disaster. "Using start-up lingo is sort of the romantic equivalent of wearing a Bluetooth headset," he notes. "It tells everyone you're on and turns off more people than it attracts." ■



BY STEVEN KURUTZ • PHOTOGRAPHS BY ADAM VOORHES



Building the Perfect Meatless Burger

Is a beef-free patty that tastes like it was just mooing really possible? Silicon Valley investors are betting yes.



ARE YOU SICK OF VEGGIE BURGERS that taste like sawdust? Or unchewable seitan cheesesteak? Then you'll be glad to know what's happening in a nondescript office building south of LAX, where a team of scientists is hard at work inventing the burger of the future.

"That's our cow," says an employee named Bob, pointing to a noisy machine that looks like an elongated wood chipper, where a colleague is feeding material from a bucket into one end. What emerges from a long tube on the other is a gray and fibrous Play-Doh-like glob. "Our consumer can make what they

CONTINUED →

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A male model with dark hair and a serious expression is seated on a chair. He is wearing a dark green, textured suit jacket over a white t-shirt with a tropical print. The t-shirt has a colorful pattern featuring palm trees, palm houses, and the words 'HAWAII' and 'TROPICAL'. The collar of the t-shirt is visible, showing a small floral print. He is also wearing dark green trousers. His hands are clasped in his lap, and he is looking directly at the camera.

TOPMAN

NEW YORK
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LAS VEGAS

COMING SOON TO
ATLANTA & HOUSTON

NEW LOCATION
5TH AVENUE AT 49TH STREET



→ CONTINUED

want out of it—meat loaf, meatballs, burgers," Bob says, smiling. "It's super-exciting."

This is the R&D facility of Beyond Meat, a company that uses technology to engineer fake meat from plant matter. Its goal is to create a mouthwatering beef substitute—dubbed the Beast Burger—that will satisfy blood-thirsty carnivores. The company's deep-pocketed investors, including Biz Stone and Evan Williams of Twitter, are betting it can. It's already nailed chicken, fooling Mark Bittman, the *New York Times* food writer, in a taste test.

Ethan Brown, Beyond Meat's founder, arrives from a meeting in shorts and sneakers—at a buff six feet five, he's a good visual ad for his products. A 43-year-old vegan who spent part of his youth on a cattle farm and had built a career in the clean-energy sector, Brown was bothered by the way we slaughter our protein providers and had an idea for a healthier, eco-friendly alternative. "I really wanted to start a plant-based McDonald's," he says.

He teamed with food scientists from the University of Missouri, who developed a method of realigning plant proteins using heating, cooling, and pressure to approximate the texture of meat (that's what the "cow" in Los Angeles does). They studied beef's components—proteins, fats, amino acids—found alternate sources, such as pea protein and tapioca starch, and the Beast was born.

Beyond Meat is one of several companies competing in a

well-funded quest to create ersatz burgers. Modern Meadow, in Brooklyn, received a cash infusion of \$350,000 from PayPal cofounder Peter Thiel and uses tissue engineering to grow meat in a lab from animal muscle cells. Impossible Foods, which counts Bill Gates as a backer, lists "plant blood" among the ingredients in its fake burger. *Plant blood?* According to Patrick Brown, the company's founder and a professor at Stanford, plants have low concentrations of heme, the molecule found in hemoglobin that gives red meat its color and, well, meaty taste.

If lab-grown steak and liquid plant heme don't tempt the taste buds of vegetarians, whatever; the target market is meat lovers. Guys like J. Kenji López-Alt, managing culinary director of the website Serious Eats, who once had a friend overnight him In-N-Out burgers from across the country. Would López-Alt eat a faux Double-Double? Sure . . . with conditions. "For me, it has to be a perfect replica or nothing at all," he says. "Meat substitutes now are close enough to being meat, but far enough away that you realize they aren't."

Companies are working tirelessly to bridge this gap. At Impossible Foods' headquarters in Redwood City, California, machines cook raw meat and scientists analyze the smell profile in an effort to simulate every pleasure of cooking and consumption, such as stove-top sizzle (the plant-blood-infused patty turns from red to brown over heat). Beyond Meat is developing

its own version of plant blood, and Ethan Brown has lately been thinking about how a vein runs through muscle, disrupting your bite. "We need to figure out ways to insert that into our product," he says.

In a taste test, I found the company's Beyond Beef Feisty Crumble—spiced pebbles of imitation ground chuck—uncannily close to the real deal. In tacos or chili, it could fool a caveman. Still, a great burger, notwithstanding all the health and moral questions it raises, is tough to equal. I chowed a half-dozen Beast Burgers (which are sold at Whole Foods and health-food stores), plain and with

various toppings, and would've traded them all for one "two-patty" at Five Guys. The Beast's firm yet spongy texture was right. Visually, it's close. But the flavor and the smell, not so much. It reminded me of McDonald's: bland, lab-engineered, technically a burger yet somehow not.

Brown knows there's still work ahead. "The complexities are really hard to build in," he says. But given the industry's promising start—and the flow of Silicon Valley money—it might not be long before we can sink our teeth into a delectable meatless patty that's even better than the real thing. ■



The Best Veggie Burgers in America (That Don't Taste Like Cardboard)

01

SHACK VEGGIE BURGER

THE PICKLE SHACK, BROOKLYN

A vegan patty of grilled veggies and mushrooms is slathered with pickles and aioli, and wedged in a potato roll. pickleshacknyc.com

02

THE PLANT BURGER

THE PLANT CAFE, SAN FRANCISCO

Nonmeat options abound in this city, but this cashew, lentil, and bulgur patty (topped with sauerkraut or white Cheddar) stands out. theplantcafe.com

03

LA BANDITA

HOPDODDY, AUSTIN

In this southwestern approach to veggie burgers, the house-made black-bean burger is piled high with avocado, cilantro, and chipotle mayo. hopdoddy.com

04

VEGAN BURGER

FARM BURGER, ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA

The menu changes seasonally, but the burger with red peas, smoked tempeh, and black-eyed peas is a mainstay. farmburger.net

05

BEET BURGER

GROUND CONTROL, CHICAGO

A perfect combo of oats, mushrooms, beets, and beans is made even better with provolone, arugula, and the special sauce. groundcontrolchicago.com



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MEN'S SHOP



CONVERSE

Make Your Home Office the Sexiest Room in the House

You're already logging serious hours working from your home office, so why not turn it into one worth getting excited about? Up your style quotient—and your productivity—with these cool, classic furnishings and accessories.

Upgrade Your Accessories





Keep It Classic

A British automotive designer invented the Anglepoise in 1931 (left, and in an ad from the fifties, below) after being inspired by the joints and springs of a car's suspension. It has been the go-to task lamp ever since, with a slew of special editions over the years (Paul Smith was the most recent to guest-design for the brand). So while we're all for getting creative with lighting, sometimes a true classic is just that.

ORIGINAL DESIGN



Invest in a Wastebasket You Don't Mind Seeing

Consider one like this hypermodern steel-wire model from the Danish design company Menu, available in a range of colors and metallic finishes. You might not want to toss your leftover linguine into it, but office-appropriate trash is fair game.



PHOTOGRAPHS, CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: BY CHRIS GORMAN, PROP STYLING BY LEIGH GILL (2); COURTESY OF SUPPLIER (2); THE ADVERTISING ARCHIVES; COURTESY OF SUPPLIER.

01
Babylon Pen Cup
(\$20) by Lexon

02
Concrete Tape
Dispenser (\$20)
by Areaware

03
Brutalist Stack Box
(\$70) by Chen Chen
& Kai Williams

04
Kastor Pencil
Sharpener (\$65) by Alessi

05
Haus brass pa-
perweight (\$350)
by Stillfried Wien

06
Stapler (\$21) by Craft
Design Technology

07
Copper Tube Radio
and Clock (\$189
each) by Leff
Amsterdam

When It Comes to Your Desk Chair, Size Matters

"It's all about scale. Yes, the gargantuan, ergonomically correct swivel chair is going to be comfortable, but so is a La-Z-Boy. Go instead for something smaller and sleeker that's also aesthetically pleasing."

—INTERIOR DESIGNER
BRAD FORD



Aye Swivel Chair (starting at \$2,400) by Team 7



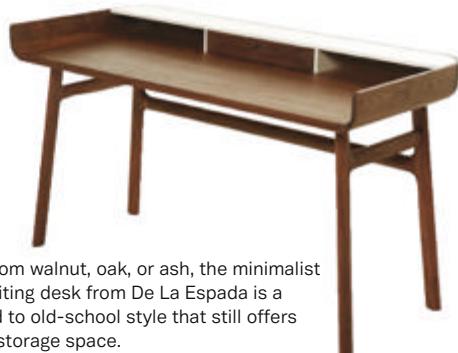
Buy a Desk You Can Get Behind

MODERN



This contemporary Pac Desk from Arktura is made from a single sheet of steel and comes in a rainbow of colors. Yet it plays well with others, so don't be afraid to pair it with antiques.

TRADITIONAL



Crafted from walnut, oak, or ash, the minimalist Harold writing desk from De La Espada is a smart nod to old-school style that still offers plenty of storage space.

STANDING

(WALL MOUNTED)



Standing desks might be all the rage, but the dorky nineties designs and unsightly giraffelike legs make them a hard sell. One solution? Forgo the legs altogether with the sleek Segreto from Molteni&Co. It comes in walnut or eucalyptus and can be mounted at any height. When you're done, fold it up and forget your in-box for the night.

On Working From Home: Novelist Richard Price

"In the nineties, I had a spacious home office in Gramercy Park, and despite that, I rented space—I needed separation. Now I just need a nice-looking desk and a screen.

"I wake up around eight and then will do anything for the next three hours not to go up to my office—I'll work out, go on Amazon, have too much coffee or five milligrams of Adderall. About 1 P.M., panic sets in. Once I'm working, I'm in it. I don't even go downstairs for coffee, because next thing you know, I'm sharpening every pencil in the neighborhood! I'll go seven hours, seven days a week. But I have to be trapped by that panic. Then I'll go till I'm lightheaded and realize I haven't eaten lunch and it's seven o'clock—when I'm writing, it's like I have a space helmet on and I need to stay in that glass fishbowl."

"My desk is a Herman Miller prototype from 1948, original leather, with all these weird nooks and crannies. I just got this cool Norman Bel Geddes Cobra lamp from the 1930s. Art-wise, I like to be around urban narratives: Helen Levitt, Bruce Davidson, Weegee. The print above my desk is a Philip Guston. It's a portrait of the wall in his studio, like his locker room, so it's very poignant."



Add Some Green

We all know that plants purify the air and encourage relaxation—a good thing when your to-do list is running long. We asked Tara Heibel and Tassy de Give of gardening mecca Sprout Home (and coauthors of *Rooted in Design*, out in April) to recommend two office-friendly favorites. —Jon Roth

SANSEVIERIA

"This is really architectural and quite vertical, which is great when you're limited on space. Also, it doesn't need direct sunlight and won't die, even if you let it dry to half of its soil volume."



JASMINE

"Jasmine is nice for an office because it blooms a couple of times a year, and when it does, the scent is amazing. Place it in direct sun, but make sure not to dry it out or it's bye-bye, jasmine."





BY CAREY JONES • PHOTOGRAPH BY VICTOR PRADO

Bring Your Favorite Bar Home

"What bartenders geek out about takes years to trickle down to the consumer," says Brad Thomas Parsons, the author of *Bitters: A Spirited History of a Classic Cure-All*. For the past five years, that's been elaborate homemade concoctions like ginger-peppercorn syrup and habanero bitters—basically, anything that ups the ante on a craft cocktail. Now, instead of keeping those bottles behind the bar, they're selling them (online, mostly) to enthusiastic customers who are eschewing liquor-store stalwarts. Here, the best bartender-made secret ingredients to buy.



Bitters



Jack McGarry, co-owner of The Dead Rabbit in New York City, wanted bitters to match the 19th-century-style drinks he serves (cocktails in the 1800s were less sweet, more of the put-hair-on-your-chest variety). "I read a book from 1884 that talked about Orinoco bitters and how they were superior to Angostura," he says. "So I started researching." His Orinoco bitters mix Christmas spices (allspice, clove, vanilla) with cardamom and sharp, biting angostura bark—which, ironically, the eponymous product no longer uses. \$25; deadrabbitnyc.com

ALSO TRY: Bittercube, which is based in Milwaukee, produces seven varieties, including the rum-friendly Jamaican #1 and #2. \$10 to \$22; bittercube.com

Syrups



Tiki drinks are notoriously complex to perfect: You need obscure-sounding components like orgeat, velvet falernum, and "Don's Mix"—which no one made to the standards of Blair Reynolds, who owns Hale Pele tiki bar in Portland, Oregon. "Then I realized, why shouldn't I?" he says. His B.G. Reynolds line includes orgeat, an orange-almond syrup that's key to tropical drinks, notably the mai tai. \$12 to \$21; bgreyneynolds.com

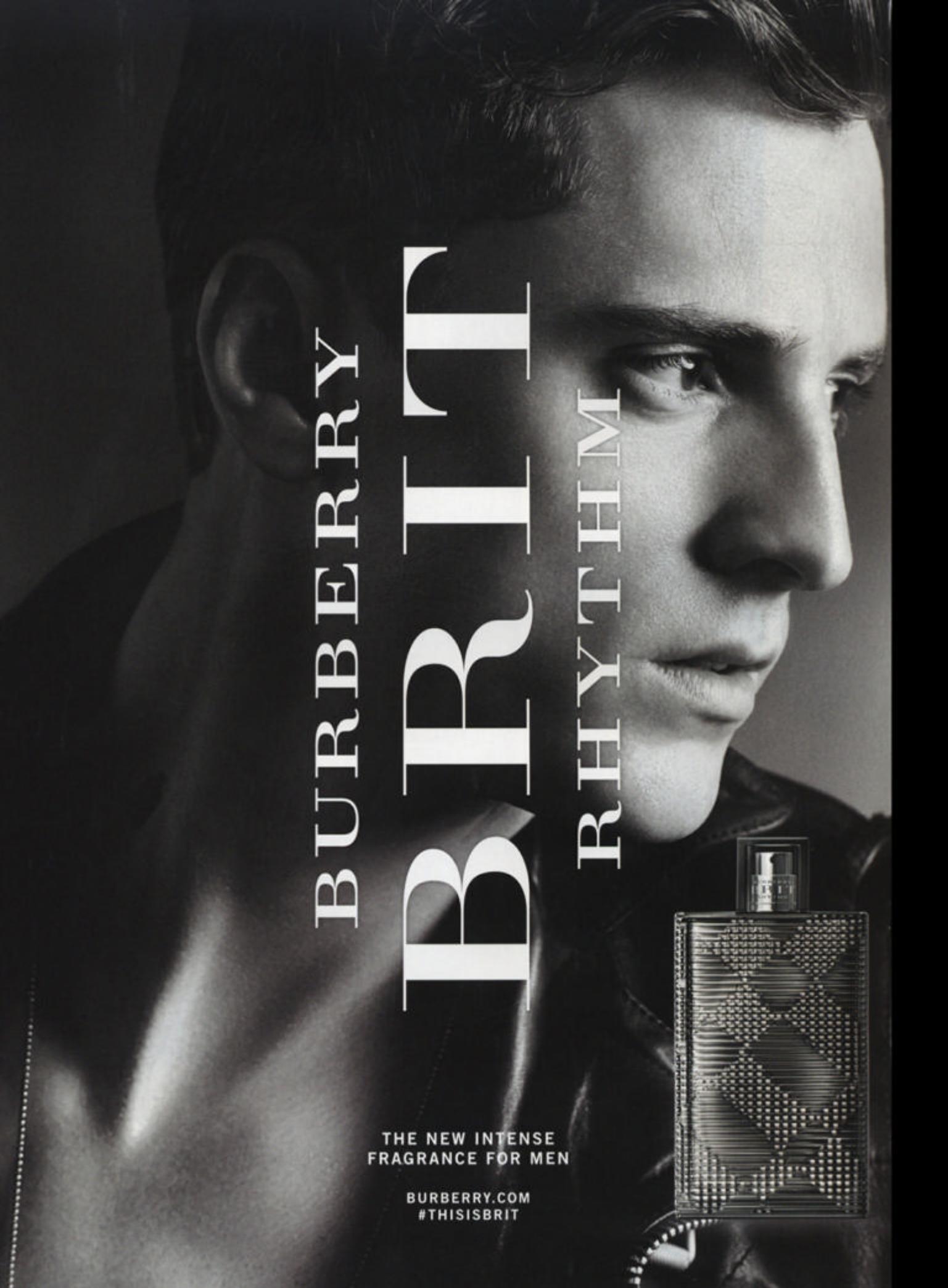
ALSO TRY: Small Hand Foods, veteran bartender Jennifer Colliau's Bay Area line of pre-Prohibition-cocktail building blocks, offers pineapple gum syrup for pisco punch and tonic syrup (just add soda). Starting at \$10; smallhandfoods.com

Mixers



Bottled mixes get a bad rap, and for good reason. But Bittermilk, from the proprietors of the Gin Joint in Charleston, South Carolina, takes the just-add-booze concept off the supermarket shelf. Formulas include a Oaxacan Old Fashioned and a Smoked Honey Whiskey Sour. "If we gave people a recipe using smoked honey, they'd try to do it at home, and they'd do it at too high a heat," says co-owner MariElena Raya. \$15; bittermilk.com

ALSO TRY: The Violet Hour in Chicago is launching a series of "sauces" that nail the proportions of classics. Mix the Original Sauce—scorched demerara sugar, bittering agents—with a brown spirit and you've got a professional-grade old-fashioned.



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BY DAVID PEISNER

In Living Color: The Oral History

IN 1990, JIM CARREY WAS A STRUGGLING ACTOR, JAMIE FOXX WAS AN UNKNOWN STAND-UP, and only Howell and Elvira Wayans knew the names of their entire brood. At a time when *Saturday Night Live* hadn't featured an African-American cast member in four years, comedian Keenen Ivory Wayans brought a concept to the fledgling Fox network that would showcase predominantly black actors (including a few of his siblings), introduce hip-hop to mainstream (read: white) America, and scare the hell out of Broadcast Standards and Practices. In its controversial five-season run,

In Living Color helped launch the careers of Carrey, Foxx, Damon Wayans, Larry Wilmore, and a Fly Girl named Jennifer Lopez. But as the series' principals reveal, in honor of its debut 25 years ago this month, the show almost never made it to air. **CONTINUED →**



HOW DO YOU DO / SPORT



BRINGING TOGETHER THE MOST STYLISH MEN ON THE NET—THE STYLE SYNDICATE IS YOUR ONE-STOP DESTINATION FOR EVERYTHING TRENDING IN MENSWEAR. HERE, FOUR CONTRIBUTORS TELL US HOW THEY ARE EMBRACING SPORTSWEAR...

@TALUNZEITOUN ↑

"I let a bold, sporty shoe speak for itself with a simple, loose-fitting pant cinched at the ankle."

PANTS: ZARA, SNEAKERS: RICK OWENS x ADIDAS

@OH_ANTHONIO ←

"I tend to rock the sportswear trend with a streetwear lean."

JACKET: FRENCH CONNECTION, T SHIRT & SHORTS: DISTRICT CLOTHING, SOCKS: AMERICAN APPAREL, SNEAKERS: EYTYS

@MCARTHURJOSEPH ←

"I see sportswear as an extension of streetwear. While men's fashion is still pulling inspiration from the sports realm, I'll take advantage and don my sneakers and track pants around town."

SWEATSHIRT: THREADS 4 THOUGHT, PANTS: T BY ALEXANDER WANG, SNEAKERS: PUMA

@VINCENTKO ←

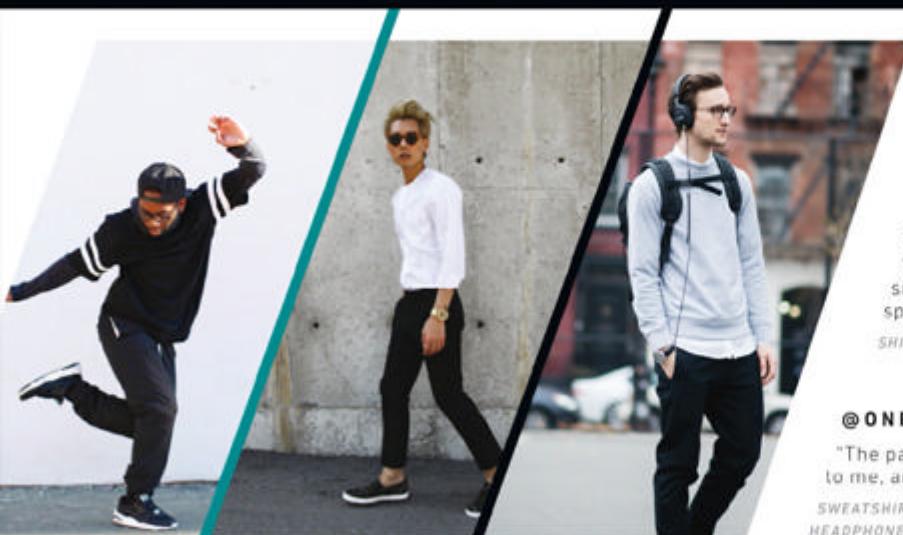
"A crisp, white shirt with light jeans and a pair of white sneakers are my go-to pieces for an effortless sportswear look."

SHIRT AND PANTS: TOPMAN, SNEAKERS: ZARA

@ONEDAPPERSTREET ←

"The paradox of 'nerdy streetwear' has always been beautiful to me, and I like to play with those contradictions."

SWEATSHIRT: HANDEAERK, PANTS: COS, BACKPACK: BAO BAO ISSEY MIYAKE, HEADPHONES: MARSHALL



CULTURAL DIET

Mike Judge

From MTV-obsessed delinquents (*Beavis and Butt-Head*) to ennui-drenched corporate drones (*Office Space*), Mike Judge just gets slackers. And while his socially stunted programmers on HBO's *Silicon Valley* (which returns this month) might display a harder work ethic than their forebears, they still waste hours on mathematical models for maximum hand-job efficiency. Mercifully, the writer-director-producer has more appealing leisure interests. —David Walters



IT TAKES TWO

"I've been watching a lot of *Key and Peele* [1], which is just brilliantly funny. It seems like there used to be more comedy duos back when I was a kid: Cook and Moore, Bob and Ray, Cheech and Chong. I wasn't consciously thinking of my affection for duos

when I made *Beavis and Butt-Head*, but it occurred to me after the fact—just two dum-dums playing off each other."

A DIRECTOR'S DIRECTOR

"Quentin Tarantino is probably my favorite filmmaker of this generation. *Pulp Fiction* is my No. 1, but *Django Unchained* is also incredible. To take the slavery subject and really go for it, it just blew me away. And Leo DiCaprio's [Calvin Candie] character [2]—if that obnoxious frat daddy that everybody knows had been

born 300 years ago, that's who he would be!"

ONLINE OBSESSIONS

"I'm on YouTube way too much. I studied physics at the University of California, San Diego, so lately I've been watching lectures from some of the best professors in the world. And cat fights. *Actual* cat fights. I saw one in front of my house and thought, I bet these are all over YouTube. So now the site's algorithm suggests them. YouTube knows me as the



quantum-physics-and-cat-fights guy."

ART HE'S DRAWN TO

"I have a drawing that John Kricfalusi did of Ren and Stimpy with Beavis and Butt-Head. Overton Loyd, the artist who did some of the P-Funk album covers, drew me a portrait of Bootsy Collins in marker. I also like Raymond Pettibon, who did the Black Flag albums. I was thinking about buying some of his stuff until my friend told me it starts at, like, \$400,000."

DAMN, IT FEELS GOOD TO BE ECLECTIC

"My musical tastes are all over the place: James Brown's *Greatest Hits*, Dr. Dre's *The Chronic*, George Jones' *Live at Dance-town USA*. I was listening to Geto Boys' *The Resurrection* [3] when I was writing *Office Space*, so there's some of me in the Michael Bolton character. When I first got money, I bought a Saab—I don't know what I was thinking—and cranked Geto Boys with the top down, rapping every word. Eventually, I realized I looked ridiculous."



2 FOR MORE OF JUDGE'S CULTURAL DIET, GO TO DETAILS.COM



WE READ IT SO YOU DON'T HAVE TO

My Struggle by Karl Ove Knausgaard

We still can't believe that a plotless, 3,600-page autobiographical novel by a previously obscure 46-year-old Norwegian writer has become an international sensation. Yet Karl Ove Knausgaard's *My Struggle*—first released in his native tongue

in 2009—has been translated into 22 languages and mesmerized the literary world. (James Wood calls it "ceaselessly compelling"; Zadie Smith likens it to "crack.") In the latest of six volumes to appear in English, *Book Four* (Archipelago; out April 28), Knausgaard recounts his struggles with alcohol and his guilty attraction to a 13-year-old student. Here, we provide talking points to help you fake it until you make time to read it.

NO. 01 "Imagine being married to this guy!" Knausgaard is unbearably confessional about his own ignoble feelings (the man's shame is depthless) and not afraid to expose skeletons, even when they're in other people's closets. When his current wife read it, she told him

their relationship "could never be romantic again." Family members have disowned him.

NO. 02 "Remember that walk in the snow?" Each volume includes lengthy "set pieces," such as the 70-plus-page account in *Book One* of his teenage quest to smuggle two bags of beer through a snowstorm to a New Year's Eve party. (It occurs early enough in the series that even those who failed to finish *My Struggle* probably made it this far.)

NO. 03 "...or when he had to clean his grandmother's house?" There's a viscerally disgusting set piece in which Knausgaard describes, in excruciating detail, scrubbing out his alcoholic, incontinent grandmother's house—the detritus included half-

empty plastic vodka bottles, partially eaten frozen dinners, and excrement-encrusted sofas.

NO. 04 "Where do you think he's going with the Hitler thing?" Knausgaard isn't the first writer to use *My Struggle* (in German: *Mein Kampf*) as the title of a controversial book. The as-yet-untranslated final volume reportedly includes 400 pages of reflections on der Führer. In the meantime, it's anyone's guess.

NO. 05 "My Struggle can't be explained; it has to be experienced." Your conversation partner will nod knowingly, whether she's read it or not. This statement also has the unnecessary virtue of being true. —Timothy Hodler



WE DO NOT
TAKE A TRIP;
A TRIP TAKES US.

—JOHN STEINBECK

INTRODUCING

kindle voyage

BRILLIANTLY CRISP DISPLAY • REMARKABLY THIN DESIGN
EFFORTLESS PAGE TURNING • LIGHT THAT ADJUSTS WITH YOU

amazon

AS TOLD TO BILL BRADLEY • PHOTOGRAPH BY CHAD PITMAN



HOW I GOT MY BODY

Ludacris

The 37-year-old rapper who once titled an album *Chicken-N-Beer* left behind his favorite vices and got ripped for his recurring role in the multi-billion-dollar *Fast and Furious* franchise. (Standing next to Vin Diesel and Dwayne Johnson all day just has that effect on people.)

"IN THE EARLY 2000s, I GOT FAT AS SHIT, man. I had a gut out of nowhere. I was drinking a lot of alcohol and eating a lot of fast food on the road, and one day I looked down and I was like, 'What the fuck is this, and where the hell did it come from?' I had to start making better decisions, so I started going to the gym. Being in this *Fast* franchise, you get tips on how to make your body better. Next thing you know, I had my own trainer, and present-day, I'm all the way on-point, man.

"On *Fast Five*, I started working out a lot more because I was around Vin Diesel and The Rock. They didn't guilt-trip me, but when we were shooting these movies, you become a product of your environment. 'Be the hardest worker in the room'—that's what both of them would tell me. Vin Diesel's trailer had a gym in it, and he was fine with my trainer and me using it. Eventually we'd go in there and work more than he would! And then on *Six*, that's when I took my shirt off.

"During *Six*, I worked out every single day for an entire year. We were filming in London. There were times when I'd fly from the States to London and still find a way to work out that day.

"Now I work out six days a week and take Sundays off. I have a gym at my house. It's a small and compact space, but we have all the necessary equipment in order to get the job done. I also have TVs in there, and I'm always watching ESPN and then listening to music that motivates me, whether it's my music that I'm working on, something new that's out, or rock and roll sometimes—we just switch it up, man.

"I eat clean pretty much six days a week: proteins, vegetables, and healthy carbs, like sweet potatoes. And then on Sunday, I'll eat what I want. It's pretty much a rotation of whatever the best hamburgers are in town, the best pizza in town, the best gyros, and I love pasta, like chicken Alfredo—with some garlic bread. And also something sweet, like a piece of chocolate cake.

"Dwayne [Johnson] is the most disciplined person I know. He's the closest thing we have on this earth to a human being who is like a machine. A real-life superhero. He goes months without a cheat meal. I'm disciplined, but it's difficult for me to go seven days and not get a damn cheat day. So maybe one day I'll get to Dwayne's level. But not right now. I fiend for fucking chocolate." ■

INSIDER //

GROOM

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AMERICANCREW.COM



SHOP

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Abbot + Main offers a full lifestyle collection, from women's and men's essentials to new ready-to-wear pieces. Abbot + Main is devoted to maintaining the idea that fashion should be comfortable, functional, and luxurious.

ABBOTMAIN.COM

DETAILS + HODINKEE

ONES TO
WATCH

SHOP

COMING: JUNE/JULY '15

What you need to know about watches today—from the ultimate collector's view of the market to the latest timepieces and shopping with a celebrity.



Q&A

FOR TWO DECADES, **PETER SARSGAARD**, 44, HAS BROUGHT UNRIValed INTENSITY AND INTELLECT TO STAGE AND SCREEN. HIS ONLY REGRET: HE COULD'VE BEEN HUGE ON YOUTUBE.

INTERVIEW BY ROB TANNENBAUM • PHOTOGRAPH BY TETSU KUBOTA

Q: You're currently starring in *The Slap*, about a parent who hits someone else's bratty kid. Hasn't every parent secretly had that urge?

A: People have told me crazy things. A lot of them say, "I would've taken a baseball bat and shoved it up the kid's ass." And I'm like, "Well, that's child molestation." People who use corporal punishment are in denial about how much emotion is involved. In my day, I was paddled by one of my teachers, a Catholic priest. He used a sawed-off hockey stick.

Q: What impact did Catholic school have on you?

A: I really got into transubstantiation, which is a kind of magic. So, if I'm acting and someone says, "There's a giant star coming at you, and it speaks to you," I can find a way to do that. As a kid, my imagination was so full that, at times, I believed I was the devil. I knew the devil was in all of us, and I thought maybe I had too much.

Q: Were you doing devilish things?

A: I was a thief for a while. When I was 10, I went door-to-door in my neighborhood and collected tons of money for "the elephants in the zoo." It wasn't true. I got caught. I drank, but I didn't get into drugs until I was in my twenties. When I look at my career, I see somebody who was drinking or drugging. It's in the roles. You can see it, especially in *Garden State*. I've been sober now for six years.

Q: Were you ever drunk or high on set?

A: No. Except on stage, where there's a tradition of drinking. You think Richard Burton never had a tipple before doing *Hamlet*?

Brian Cox told me a story about one actor who came on stage, turned to the audience, and said, "You think I'm drunk? You should see when Richard Harris gets here!"

Q: You're doing *Hamlet* Off-Broadway in New York this month. Does live performance still make you anxious?

A: The minute before I walk on stage, if presented with the option of putting a bullet in my head, I would. "He can't go on, because he's dead." That seems like a reasonable excuse. Acting causes me anxiety, and doing it releases the anxiety. I've learned to look at it as a sensation. It's like what pregnant women say about giving birth—they don't call it pain; they call it sensation.

Q: Is it true that you used to keep doves as pets?

A: How do you know about my pet doves? They mate for life, so you have to buy two. And they fucked like crazy and made so many babies that I gave them away. When I was on location, I'd bring them with me and release them in my hotel room. Then I'd get called to set and have to round them up, which is not easy. A video of me trying to wrangle these doves would have a million hits on YouTube.

Q: How did you meet your wife, Maggie Gyllenhaal?

A: A mutual friend set us up. I met her at a restaurant in L.A. right after 9/11, and I had no idea who she was. We stayed up, in a completely platonic way, from 6:30 that evening to 8 P.M. the next day. We couldn't get enough of each other. I feel fortunate that I met her at that time, because if I'd

met her a year later, it would have been different. When *Secretary* came out, I was suddenly with somebody famous.

Q: You've played some menacing characters in your career. Your *Kinsey* costar Liam Neeson said you're dangerous because you don't look at all intimidating.

A: I don't have the face of a typical bad guy. But rarely do you meet someone when all their cards are showing. That's how I wind up in your living room and you can't quite figure out how I got there. I've insinuated myself, slowly and easily.

Q: What do you like about portraying villains?

A: The guy who plays the hero is eating drywall, working on his abs, and worrying about his receding hairline. When I play a bad guy, no one watches over what I do. The studio executive, the producer, even the director—nobody cares. If I'm more kind or charming than the director imagined, it's fine, because in the end, I rape the girl.

Q: In *Experimenter*, which premiered at Sundance, you play Stanley Milgram, the psychologist who conducted experiments in which subjects delivered electric shocks to unseen people because an authority figure told them to. What did you learn from the experience?

A: When I watched those tapes, I saw empathy. People delivered the full voltage while experiencing an enormous amount of pain and suffering. But not one of them ever opened the door after the guy started screaming. I like to think that, after the first scream, I'd open the door and go, "Are you okay?" [Laughs] But maybe not. ■



THE YES LIST



TV

The Must-Watch Midlife Crisis

Thomas Jefferson may have gotten the life and liberty parts right, but that pursuit he suggested? It's a fool's errand. That's the premise of *Happyish*, Showtime's wickedly bleak new comedy about an ad exec in his mid-forties named, ahem, Thom Payne (Steve Coogan) who can no longer stand his ditsy bosses' use of terms like *misruption* and the infighting between his Viagra and Prozac side effects. Created and written by Shalom Auslander, the author of *Foreskin's Lament*, *Happyish* delivers *Curb Your Enthusiasm*-style misanthropy, and Coogan (in a role originally intended for the late Philip Seymour Hoffman) takes joylessness to near-Zen levels. *Premieres April 26.*

PERFORMANCE

Broadway's Bionic Man

Fans of Hilary Mantel's Man Booker Prize-winning *Wolf Hall* and *Bring Up the Bodies* are in for a very good month. Beginning April 5, PBS will air a six-part adaptation of the historical novels, which trace Thomas Cromwell's ascent from blacksmith's boy to Henry VIII's right-hand man. But the real action's taking place on Broadway, where the Royal Shakespeare Company—fresh off a London run that opened to the biggest advance sales in West End history—reprises its stage version, *Wolf Hall: Parts One and Two*, with the same critically acclaimed cast. As Cromwell, Ben Miles treads the boards for almost the entire six-hour duration—a feat of stamina that doesn't even permit him a trip to the loo. "I drink a helluva lot of water," he says. "Thankfully, I sweat it out." *Previews begin March 20 at the Winter Garden Theatre.*



THE SHORT-
ATTENTION-
SPAN Q&A
Spinster
author
Kate Bolick

The 43-year-old advocate for single ladies made headlines in 2011 when she wrote in *The Atlantic* about why more women are avoiding marriage—and loving it. With *Spinster* (Crown, \$26; out April 21), Bolick

dives deeper into her own (formerly) partner-free life.

Q: Are you romantically involved now?

A: I am. Our second date was the day I got my book deal.

Q: Did he know you were writing a book about the rewards of

staying single?

A: Yeah. He used to call it his kamikaze-dating mission, trying to date this publicly single woman. We've been together three years. I've been thinking nonstop about singlehood all the while. And the book

has been my first priority, so I haven't really been as available as I would be otherwise.

Q: Was your publisher worried?

A: My publisher was like, "Oh my God. Please don't marry him!"

ART

The Most Moving Exhibition in Years

Since 1941, when the renowned African-American painter Jacob Lawrence unveiled *The Migration of the Negro*, the 60-panel masterpiece has been divvied up between

New York City's Museum of Modern Art and the Phillips Collection in Washington,

D.C., and has rarely been viewed in its entirety. For the first time in 20 years, the paintings—scenes from the decades-long exodus from the rural Jim Crow South to the industrial North—will be reunited at MOMA as the centerpiece of the can't-miss exhibition "One-Way Ticket: Jacob Lawrence's Migration Series and Other Visions of the Great Movement North." *Opens April 3.*



PHOTOGRAPHS, CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: MARK SCHAFER/COURTESY OF SHOWTIME; JOHAN RICHARDSSON/COURTESY OF JEFFREY RICHARDS ASSOCIATES (2); THE PHILLIPS COLLECTION, WASHINGTON, D.C., ACQUIRED 1942; © 2015 THE JACOB AND GWENDOLYN KNIGHT LAWRENCE FOUNDATION/ARTISTS RIGHTS SOCIETY (ARS), NEW YORK. PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF THE PHILLIPS COLLECTION, WASHINGTON, D.C./COURTESY OF PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE, NEW YORK.



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PHOTOGRAPH BY BEN ALSOP

19 RULES FOR LOOKING RIGHT IN THE RAIN

Rule
No. 01

Don't be afraid of color . . .

When it's pouring outside, beige isn't exactly the shade that makes you want to get out of the house (or even bed). Which is why you should opt for one of the many colorful alternatives to the tried-and-true trench that designers are offering up for spring. This sunny coat from Dior Homme is inspired by the "oilskin" jackets from the sixties and seventies that were designed for sailors. It's treated with a water-repellent coating and features a double panel (meaning you zip up the inner layer and snap up the outer one), ensuring that you'll look good while staying dry. Yellow isn't your thing? Turn the page for other bold, brilliant options.

Dior Homme (\$4,100)

...Three Other Colors to Try



Rule No. 04

BE IN THE ONE PERCENT

"Ninety-nine percent of rainproof products are woven. Typically, that means synthetics that won't patina like cotton or leather. But an Italian brand called Ten C makes great coats that are actually knit. They're based on the fabric used for convertible-car covers, which needs to be able to stretch. It allows them to get that worn-in look I really love while remaining waterproof."

—CHRIS GIBBS, OWNER OF UNION, IN L.A.

Treat Your Shoes Right

Make a preemptive strike against dirt and grime with Repel (\$17), a water- and stain-repellent spray from Jason Markk, maker of a popular kicks cleaner many sneakerheads swear by.



Rule No. 05

Rule No. 02

OPT FOR TECHNICAL BUT TAILORED

"I have a brilliant Arc'teryx Veilance jacket. It's unlined, dark navy, and looks like a blazer, but it's made of a waterproof technical fabric—you can roll it in a ball and it never looks creased. If it rains, just pop the collar and you're kind of wrapped up."

—TOBY BATEMAN, BUYING DIRECTOR, MR PORTER

Rule No. 03

DON'T UNDERESTIMATE LAYERS

"A bulky padded coat will make you feel humid and overheated. The trick to wet weather is layering. You need a lightweight, waterproof top layer—look for materials like Gore-Tex or rubberized cotton and details like taped seaming, which will keep the rain out."

—STACEY SMITH, MENSWEAR BUYER, MATCHESFASHION.COM

Rule No. 06

Get a Grip

Rain wrecks havoc on dress shoes, warping and peeling the layers of leather soles beyond repair. Try resolving a pair with water-resistant lug soles, or find lightweight ground-grippers, such as Bally's Porthos (seen here).



Rule
No. 07**Umbrellas Shouldn't
Be Cheap**

It's time to graduate to an investment-grade model. Our favorite brands are London Undercover, Francesco Maglia (left)—which has been hand-crafting them in Italy for 160 years—and the British stalwart James Smith & Sons.

**THE DOS AND DON'TS
OF UMBRELLA ETIQUETTE**

"I'm always that person who, under scaffolding, folds my umbrella and then opens it back up. I believe in watching your space, so close your damn umbrella!"

—RYAN WILDE, MILLINERY DIRECTOR, J.J. HAT CENTER

"Short people with umbrellas should be banned—anyone under six feet. You only need one umbrella for two people, and someone six-foot-plus is bound to be going your way."

—MARC HARE, SHOE DESIGNER, MR. HARE

"Pay attention. People run when it rains; they're not concentrating on what's around. When I see people with umbrellas walking toward me, I'm always afraid I'll lose an eye."

—LUCAS OSSENDRIJVER,
CREATIVE DIRECTOR,
LANVIN HOMME



Francesco
Maglia
(\$297)

Rule No. 08

**CONSIDER
A TRENCH
ALTERNATIVE**

While a trench coat is traditional, it's far from the only game in town. Officine Generale's updated bomber [1] offers waterproof protection and a streamlined look in a smart, not-quite-navy shade. Patrik Ervell's parka [2] turns down the volume while providing full-body coverage, and OAMC's field jacket [3] keeps you stylish and dry via taped interior seams.

01

Jacket (\$645) by Officine Generale. T-shirt (\$88) by Boy + Girl. Pants (\$545) by Public School.

02

Coat (\$750) by Patrik Ervell. Suit (\$2,200) by Jill Sander. Shirt (\$198) by Steven Alan.

03

Jacket (\$1,400) by OAMC. Sweater (\$370) by Nanamica. Shirt (\$325) by Massimo Alba. Pants (\$235) by Wings + Horns. Shoes (\$820) by Church's.

1



2



3



◀ CONTINUED

Rule
No. 09

Travel With This Lightweight Hybrid

Leave it to Prada to dream up the perfect trench for the frequent flyer. It's something of a mac-trench hybrid—lightweight and single-breasted, in a sleek, sophisticated nylon that's super-minimal and mashable in your carry-on. It's the ultimate companion for rainy destinations.



Coat (\$1,330) by **Prada**. Sweater (\$395) by **Belstaff**. Jeans (\$228) by **7 For All Mankind**.

Rule No. 12 Make Any Sneaker Waterproof

These lightweight rubbers from Swims (\$95) feature a soft anti-scuff lining and a sporty exterior—the perfect hack for making any sneaker all-weather. Rock them in camo, or go understated in black.



If the bucket hat isn't exactly your idea of high style, it may be time to reconsider—designers from Burberry to Dsquared2 featured them prominently on the spring runways. This version, from J. Crew, is one of the best options, in a solid neutral shade.

Rule No. 10

SCORE A HAT TRICK

"Wear a hat with a two-and-three-quarter-inch brim. After even a light rain, brush it off in one direction with a paper towel and then let it dry on a clear, flat surface. The key is to wear fur felt, which is naturally water-resistant—something like a beaver-fur blend is great because it still carries water-repellent oil."

—RYAN WILDE,
MILLINERY DIRECTOR,
J.J. HAT CENTER

PHOTOGRAPHS, FROM TOP: BY NICHOLAS PRAKAS, STYLING BY EUGENE TONG, GROOMING BY NATASHA LEIBEL AT ABTP.COM, CASTING BY EDWARD KIM AT THE EDIT DESK; BY BEN ALSOP, STYLING BY DAVID KAGEN; COURTESY OF DESIGNER.

Rule
No. 11

EARN YOUR STRIPES (AND CHECKS)

This season, designers were all about reinvigorating old patterns: Topman worked with thick stripes (this bold coat pairs nicely with jeans), Dries Van Noten took on houndstooth (usually seen on suiting in graphic black and white) and printed it on a field jacket, while Julien David updated staid plaid with a youthful palette of blues and browns.

- 01 | Topman (\$130)
- 02 | Dries Van Noten (\$1,415)
- 03 | Julien David (\$1,269)



J. Crew (\$45)

Rule No. 13

ADD THE BUCKET TO YOUR LIST



BY JOSEPH AMODIO, ANTONINA JEDRZEJCZAK, AND JON ROTH

PHOTOGRAPHS, FROM TOP: BY BEN ALSORP; STYLING BY DAVID KAGEN (6); COURTESY OF DESIGNER.

**Rule
No. 14****Show Some Skin**

We used to think of leather as precious, but now designers are fortifying luxe essentials, like this oxford (made of water-repelling "aqua calf"), bag (tanned with water-repellent agents), and jacket (treated with the same oil found on duck feathers).



John Lobb (\$1,340)



Louis Vuitton (\$3,300)



Brunello Cucinelli (\$5,610)

**Rule
No. 15 HAVE FAITH IN SUEDE**

"Rain doesn't ruin suede—dirt ruins suede. Just let suede shoes dry, then brush them out. People would live longer and have fewer heart attacks if they knew this."

—MARC HARE, SHOE DESIGNER, MR. HARE

**Rule No. 16****RESIST THE RAIN BOOT**

Sure, Wellies have their place—but that place is the English countryside, so resist the temptation to wear them to the office. If you do pull them on at the weekend house, make sure your pants are slim-fitting. The pirate look is not a flattering one.

Rule No. 17**OBEY THE MESSENGER**

"Bicycle messengers always look good in the rain because they're not suddenly wearing something completely different. What they're wearing belongs to them—and it belongs on them."

—LUCAS OSSENDRIJVER,
CREATIVE DIRECTOR, LANVIN HOMME

Rule No. 18**YOU DON'T HAVE TO USE THE BELT JUST BECAUSE IT'S THERE**

Anyone who's worn a trench coat has faced the conundrum: to belt or not to belt? A tied belt just doesn't look right on most men (it breaks a clean line, making you look short or sloppy). So just button it closed and tie the belt behind your back. If you're tall and thin (and determined), you can get away with belting, but make sure to tie it loosely—and whatever you do, don't buckle it like an actual belt. Ever.

**Rule
No. 19****Embrace the Wet Look**

The spring runways showed plenty of shine up top (see the picture below, from Dolce & Gabbana), an effect that can be hard to pull off without looking oily or overgelled. The fix: Work American Crew's new Liquid Wax (\$15; americancrew.com) through damp hair for some polish. Your style will hold in humid weather, but you'll still need a hood in a downpour—the idea here is wet, not waterlogged.



AS TOLD TO ANTONINA JEDRZEJCZAK • PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHAN ALESSI

THE SHIRT

"I was always into classic looks like Robert Redford's in *Three Days of the Condor*: big boots, jeans, a peacoat, and Ray-Bans. As soon as I moved to New York, I started fulfilling my childhood wish of wearing denim head to toe. I found Save Khaki about two years ago, and it's basically become my wardrobe. They do beautiful washed shirts that have a perfect fit and worn-in feel."

THE JEANS

"I'm a wardrobe minimalist. I have only three or four pairs of jeans in my closet. These are A.P.C., and they're my first skinny jeans. I'd never gone that route before, but I recently became a vegan, so now I can actually fit into them!"

HOW I GOT MY LOOK

Photographer Alexi Lubomirski

He has shot covers for major magazines around the world, but when it comes to personal style, the photographer prince (yes, he's Polish royalty) and new author (*Princely Advice for a Happy Life*) favors a commoner's repertoire.

THE TIE

"I've got about 16 ties, but this is the only one I wear. I stole it from my brother, who got it from a vintage store in London. It's blue, simple, and doesn't clash with anything. (I'm definitely a blues guy—that's my color.) I most recently wore it to a signing in London for my new book."

THE WATCH

"My wife gave me this 1959 Rolex for my 35th birthday. It's classic, and there's nothing flashy about it. I've changed the strap twice, both times to the same one: black lizard."

THE BOOTS

"I grew up in Botswana and Oxford, in the English countryside. These Timberlands have been with me on every job I've ever done—across the Sahara desert, through Tanzania. I get them fixed in whichever city they break."



The First Ever
DRY SPRAY ANTIPERSPIRANT
—
FROM AXE®



GOES ON DRY, KEEPS YOU DRY
WITH NO VISIBLE RESIDUE

BY JON ROTH • PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRIS GORMAN

Put Your Money Where Your Mouth Is

From space-age toothbrushes to all-natural rinses, a new wave of sexy (yes, sexy) dental-care products will make you want to think beyond the drugstore. Here, a shopping list to help you elevate the lineup on your bathroom sink.

fluoride can—hence the price. \$100; theadent.com



NO. 01

Subscription service **Quip** mails you an electric brush and toothpaste. And since most of us forget to replace our brush heads as recommended, you get a fresh one every three months. \$40 [starter pack; getquip.com](http://starterpack.getquip.com)

NO. 02

If you're ready to dispense with nylon bristles, try **Foreo Issa**, an eight-speed all-silicone Swedish export that's gentle on teeth and gums. \$199; mrporter.com

NO. 03

Don't discount manual models just yet. **Morihata's Binchotan Toothbrush** has soft bristles blended with activated charcoal to help absorb odors and remove plaque. \$7; bigelowchemists.com

NO. 04

If you're into quality products with design to match, try **Couto**, the heritage brand of the moment. Invented in Portugal in 1932, this was the first paste to use ingredients like menthol to kill bacteria. \$12; luckyscent.com

NO. 05

Theodent 300 strengthens teeth with a cocoa-based fluoride alternative called **Rennou**. The 300 version is extra-concentrated—with regular use, it can make your enamel twice as resilient as

NO. 06

Swissdent's Pure Whitening Toothpaste is much gentler than its competitors (kiwi and papaya enzymes do most of the work and won't wear down enamel). \$25; swissdent.com

NO. 07

Oral Essentials Mouthwash is free of alcohol and sugar. Instead, it uses Dead Sea salt, to stop bacteria, and xylitol—one of the few natural sweeteners shown not to cause cavities. \$15; oralessentials.com

NO. 08

Formulated with tea-tree and clove oils, **Aesop's Mouthwash** has a more nuanced taste than drug-store peppermint rinses. Plus, it's alcohol-free, so you won't end up with dry mouth immediately after swishing. \$25; aesop.com

NO. 09

Fig + Yarrow's Oral Hygiene Rinse takes an apothecary approach—it's loaded with anti-inflammatory green tea and witch hazel to soothe sore gums after brushing. \$26; figandyarrow.com

NO. 10

Supersmile's Professional Whitening Floss tackles the stains between teeth, coating the thread with a calcium peroxide complex to whiten hard-to-reach crevices, and baking soda helps combat bacteria and bad breath. \$9; supersmile.com



INTRODUCING

Lincoln Black Label Living

—
EXPRESSIONS OF A
NEW KIND OF LUXURY



Renaissance men, brothers and business partners Oliver and Evan Haslegrave know a little something about expressing themselves creatively through their company, hOmE studios. After growing up on their architect father's job sites, they've learned to appreciate true craftsmanship—the same quality of design that goes into the new Lincoln Black Label collection. A reflection of that artistry is seen throughout the interior of the exclusive Hollywood Hills property the siblings helped design for Lincoln Black Label.

To celebrate the launch of Lincoln Black Label, we asked hOmE studios for its take on our Modern Heritage vehicle theme.

Pictured here: The Modern Heritage Lincoln Black Label MKC

BLACK  LABEL

“Modern Heritage, a (vehicle) theme that really resonates with us, is a continuation of something classic—utilizing that ethos in a new, dynamic way to accentuate the materials,” says Oliver. Adds Evan: “‘Heritage’ implies an inherited, lasting quality—something that is built for longevity so it can be passed on.”



Statement Makers

In this particular room, the brothers sought to bring the Modern Heritage vehicle theme to life organically. By using bespoke materials such as rich leather and open-pore wood—reflected here in the stunning dining-room table and red-leather bound books along the mantel—the Haslegraves and hOmE studios were able to perfectly capture the essence of Modern Heritage.



BLACK  LABEL

MODERN HERITAGE

A designer's dream, this high-contrast black-and-white interior is highlighted by Crimson stitching and Argento® wood trim.

OASIS

Specialty Venetian leather, premium Alecantara® and rich wood would look great in any home—and any luxury vehicle.

MEMBER PRIVILEGES

Annual detailing, remote vehicle drop-off and pick-up, a designated experience liaison and a premium maintenance plan are just a few of the benefits offered with Lincoln Black Label membership.*

INDULGENCE

Uncommonly soft, beautiful leather adds richness and depth to the interior, while Ziricote wood—usually reserved for high-end yachts and fine musical instruments—adds warmth without the need for dyes or stains.

CENTER STAGE

This Jet-Black leather interior, complete with Foxfire Red Alecantara® accents, is for those with a flair for the dramatic.

BLACK  LABEL

With a curated collection of designer vehicle themes—meticulously brought to life in rare, high-end materials—and a host of exclusive privileges, this is more than luxury ownership. It's membership. To learn more, visit lincoln.com/blacklabel

BY MEREDITH BRYAN • PHOTOGRAPH BY IAN MADDOX

Pecs Appeal

Looking for a ripped chest without all the hassle of, you know, working out? Meet the cosmetic surgeon who's bringing instant (if fleeting) gratification to body sculpting.



ALONG WITH THE MANY DEPENDABLE pleasures of late spring—outdoor drinking, not having to wear (or see anyone else in) bulky sweaters—comes one reliable moment of panic: *Shit, it's almost bathing-suit season.* If, after a winter spent hunched over your Seamless app, your chest isn't exactly ready for public consumption, you could commence the push-ups and the eschewing of bread and alcohol. Or, thanks to a new procedure called Instapecs, you could see a doctor, get a shot in each areola, then head (newly swollen) to the beach.

Instapecs are the invention of Dr. Norman Rowe, a plastic surgeon in New York City who discovered that quick and painless saline injections mimic real volume and definition in the pectoral muscles. If it sounds too good to be true, it is: They last just 24 hours. That hasn't turned off patients like Jared Luongo, 28, who got Instapecs last year after three days a week of dedicated bench-pressing failed to help him

fill out his Uniqlo T-shirts. The results were intoxicating. "You know those guys who walk around the gym like they're the shit?" Luongo says. "That's how I felt."

Luongo, a director of international strategy for a consumer-packaged-goods company, had heard about permanent pectoral implants from a guy at his gym. "Everyone has their trouble area," he explains. "And mine's my pecs." Apprehensive about going under the knife—he knew acquaintances who'd had botched procedures in South America—he ended up on Rowe's website, reading about Instapecs. He was intrigued enough to book an appointment. After Rowe squeezed about four ounces of fluid into each of Luongo's nipples ("It just felt like a pinch"), Luongo went home and stared at himself in the mirror for a solid hour. That night, he went to a club, where a friend commented that he looked unusually built. Luongo came clean; his friend is now looking into Instapecs himself.

Like most other cosmetic injections, Instapecs were developed for women. Rowe had noticed that his standard pre-boob-job injection of saline and a local anesthetic gave breasts a nice natural volume; unfortunately, it was absorbed by the body within a day. He decided to market that ephemerality as an asset. At \$2,500, Instabreasts were an immediate sensation: a way to test-drive the results of surgery before committing to the risks—or, perhaps, a very expensive way

to prepare for one's high-school reunion. Instapecs, which cost a relatively modest \$800, were born soon after, when a male patient wanted in on the action. Rowe now also injects saline into calves, butts, cheeks—basically anywhere he can put an implant.

The doctor insists they're completely safe, since "salt water is pretty much what our body is made up of anyway." But, he cautions, "Instapecs work best on a person who's got something to begin with. It's not like you can take someone with man boobs and turn him into the guy from *Thor*."

Of course, not every doctor is convinced that injectable muscles represent an exciting new frontier. "Not only do you risk nerve damage; you risk lymphatic obstruction, which can cause painful swelling," says Dr. Dendy Engelman, a cosmetic dermatologist in New York. "All for something that's going to last hours, not years." (The risk, she explains, is not the saline but the volume required, which when inserted improperly can block channels that lead to the lymph nodes.)

Rowe's semipermanent crusade, though, isn't stopping. He's currently working on "vacation pecs," which will last several weeks. In fact, he believes that in 5 to 10 years, all injectables will be permanent—and the kind of "heavage" Ryan Gosling has made famous with his endless parade of unbuttoned henleys will never be more than a doctor's visit away.

Luongo's convinced it's a shrewd business move. "He'll make a killing," he says. "I distinctly remember looking down at my chest and thinking, Well, shit." ■

One of Dr. Norman Rowe's patients before and after the saline shots (one in each areola) that gave him Instapecs. His newly puffed-up chest will deflate in 24 hours.





IN THE NICK OF TIME

Nick Wooster, a former fashion director for Bergdorf Goodman who now provides sartorial inspiration for 400,000 Instagram followers, has started making clothes with the Italian brand Lardini (known for lending its tailors to houses such as Burberry). Making its debut this spring, Wooster's capsule collection is a selfish endeavor that benefits us all. "I asked myself, What are the things that I don't own that I would like to own?" he says. "Because at the end of the day, I'm a shopper." Those pieces include linen blazers, breezy button-downs, and even a summer-tweed tuxedo. And much like the 54-year-old himself, the line is hardly humorless—Wooster's face is embroidered on the shirts and ties, emoji-style. "For better or worse, my face has become something," he says. "The Lardini people did it as a joke, without me knowing. I thought it was hilarious." —Laura Bolt

in the know. of the moment.

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THE COOLEST COLLABORATION OF THE SEASON: G-STAR RAW x VITRA

Last year, denim purveyor G-Star RAW asked the Swiss powerhouse design firm Vitra to make furniture for its new Rem Koolhaas-designed headquarters in Amsterdam. The resulting chairs, tables, and desks—inspired by French architect Jean Prouv 's work from the forties—were so good-looking, both brands decided to sell them to the public. The 10-piece collection channels what Eckart Maise, Vitra's chief design officer, describes as "an industrial, machine-age" aesthetic and is bathed in dark green (seen here on the legs of the Fauteuil Direction chair). The distinctive color is a nod to the work tables in G-Star's sewing rooms. After all, Maise says, "gray in an office is predictable." —Kevin Pires



GO TO DETAILS.COM TO SEE MORE PIECES FROM THE PROUV  RAW: OFFICE EDITION COLLECTION



YOUR ONE-STEP SKIN SAVER

If there are some late nights when it feels like getting to the sink to wash your face is akin to rocketing yourself to the moon, it's time to look into micellar waters. Long stocked by French pharmacies, these no-rinse cleanser-toner hybrids are insanely easy to use—just soak a cotton pad and swipe it over your face, and you're good to go. Here are three bottles you won't have to fly into Charles de Gaulle to pick up. —Jon Roth

Perricone MD's Blue Plasma Cleansing Treatment Has the added benefit of soothing copper. \$39; perriconemd.com

La Roche-Posay's Physiological Micellar Solution The French classic, sourced from a mineral-rich thermal spring. \$21; laroche-posay.us

Fellow Barber's Aftershave Tonic Does the same job as a micellar and smells great, thanks to rosemary and juniper oils. \$20; fellowbarber.com





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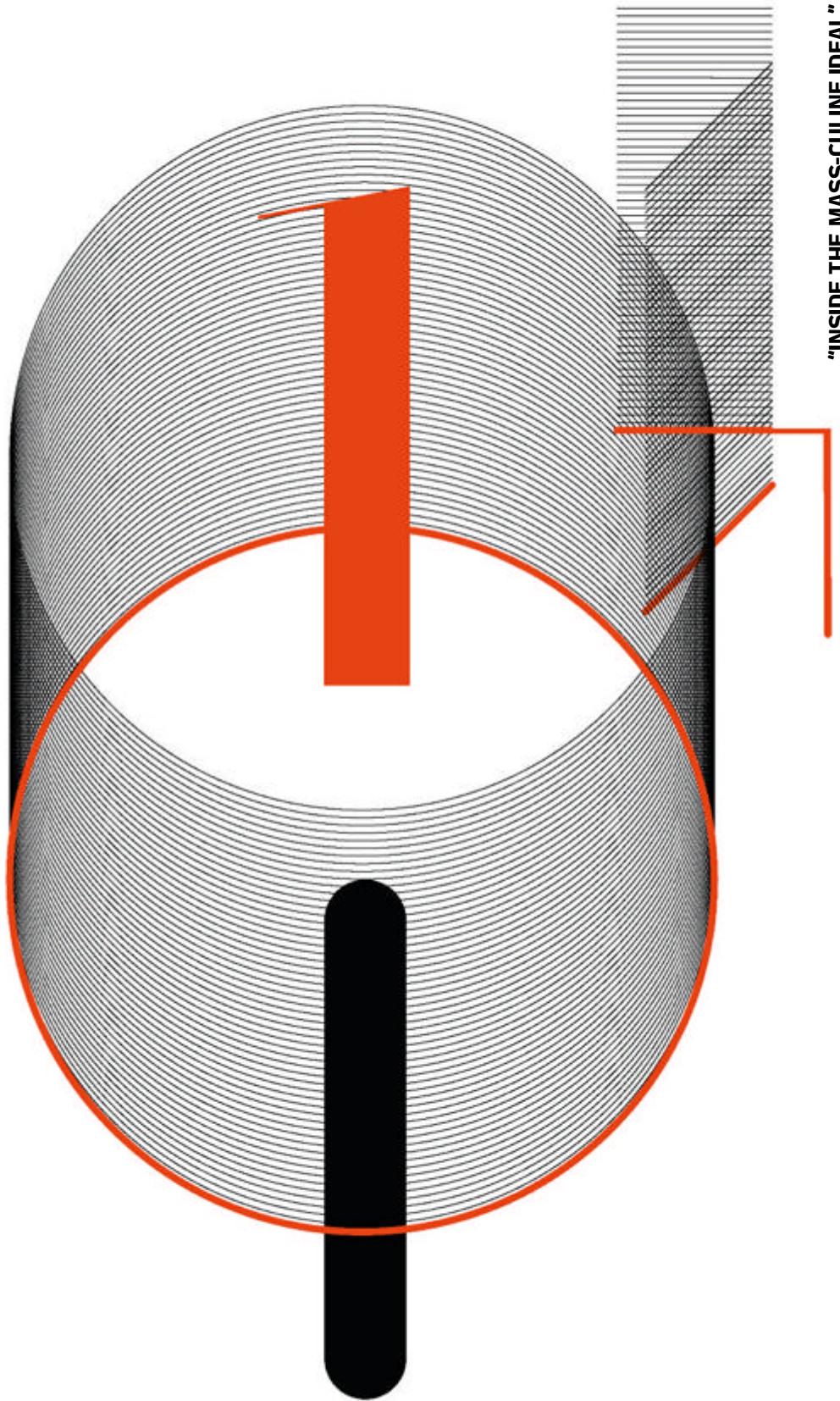
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"INSIDE THE MASS-CULINE IDEAL" PG 110

THE NEW FABIO IS SENSITIVE TO HER. IT'S NOT ABOUT HIM. BECAUSE, AS THE ACTUAL FABIO POINTS OUT, REAL MEN AREN'T DRIVEN BY THEIR EGOS. "SMART WOMEN WANT A REAL MAN," HE SAYS. "THAT'S WHY SO MANY WOMEN TODAY ARE UNHAPPY, BECAUSE THERE ARE NOT MANY MEN LEFT." IN A SENSE, HE ADDS, WE HAVE SEEN THE END OF MEN—PROPER MEN, ANYWAY: "CHIVALRY IS OUT THE DOOR."



The Evolution of Oscar Isaac



The brooding star of *Inside Llewyn Davis*, *A Most Violent Year*, and this month's *Ex Machina* has breathed life into a dying species: the Pacino–Hoffman–De Niro strain of dramatic character actor. But as he prepares to take flight in a little movie called *Star Wars Episode VII*, the 35-year-old just may become a whole new breed of leading man.

BY ALEX BHATTACHARJI | PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK SELIGER | STYLING BY VANESSA CHOW



Left: Jacket by Hermès. Sweater by Ermenegildo Zegna Couture. Shirt by Dolce & Gabbana. Right: Jacket by Berluti. Shirt by Dolce & Gabbana. Tank top by Ermenegildo Zegna Couture. Jeans by Burberry Brit. Boots, his own.

ARTHQUAKES, HURRICANES, TORNADOES, VOLCANOES, TSUNAMIS—oh, that's the one.” Oscar Isaac, the most coveted actor in Hollywood who's not yet a household name, is sitting beneath the towering skeleton of a 150 million-year-old Barosaurus in the entry hall of the American Museum of Natural History, reading up on the exhibit “Nature's Fury: The Science of Natural Disasters.” “We have to go, man,” he says. “There might be extinction-level events.”

It's late January, two days after New York City escaped the full force of a blizzard that inspired breathless weathercasters to warn of impending doom, and Isaac slips unnoticed into a bustling stream of schoolchildren and tourists. He's been nominated for a Golden Globe (*Inside Llewyn Davis*), won a National Board of Review award for Best Actor (*A Most Violent Year*), and piloted an X-wing fighter in the most viewed movie trailer ever (take a guess), yet is still able to spend a day at the museum without being recognized. For now.

Isaac points our way out of the rotunda. Dressed in a gray newsboy cap, a blue chambray work shirt buttoned to the top, and a Belstaff moto jacket, he makes an unlikely docent. In a sense, he could be a museum display, a flesh-and-bone reconstruction of a species on the verge of extinction: the character actor-cum-leading man. Isaac's virtuosity in varied roles has earned him comparisons to American drama's greatest generation: Hoffman, Voight, De Niro, and, most often, Pacino.

After stealing scenes from Russell Crowe in *Robin Hood* and from Ryan Gosling in *Drive*, the 35-year-old Juilliard-trained actor grabbed starring roles in a series of acclaimed films. First was his much-lauded portrayal of an early-sixties Greenwich Village folk singer in the

Coen brothers' *Inside Llewyn Davis*; he followed that with a turn as a businessman struggling to stay clean in a decaying 1981 New York City in *A Most Violent Year*. And this month, he'll be a genius programmer playing God with artificial intelligence in *Ex Machina*.

But unlike his cinematic forebears, Isaac is poised to make the leap smoothly to effects-laden blockbuster fare. He landed one of the leads in the most anticipated multiplex film of the millennium, *Star Wars Episode VII: The Force Awakens*, playing a pilot named Poe Dameron, a character rumored to be Han Solo's heir apparent and possible son. And he was recently announced as the eponymous archvillain in *X-Men: Apocalypse*, the next installment of the franchise that has grossed more than \$3 billion worldwide. “In order to be a leading actor,” Isaac says, “everyone has to be an action star, to a certain extent.”

Even before the release of *Inside Llewyn Davis* and his casting in *Star Wars*, Isaac was a white-hot commodity among directors and producers. “There was serious competition—you had a bunch of people circling him and wanting him,” Alex Garland, the novelist and screenwriter (*The Beach*, *28 Days Later*), says of signing Isaac to *Ex Machina*, Garland's first directorial effort. “We were seriously lucky that he wanted to do our movie.”

Increasingly, Isaac's association is enough to turn a script in development into a go project, as happened with *Show Me a Hero*, David Simon's HBO miniseries about a young mayor's battle to desegregate Yonkers, New York, in the late eighties, which Isaac recently wrapped shooting. “I don't mind saying that I was floating without a green light until I got an actor that they could look at and say, ‘This guy can drive it,’ ” says Simon, the creator of *The Wire*. “He was an immediate hit in the HBO offices. I can't do this project without an Oscar Isaac committing to it.”

It's impossible for Isaac to ignore the growing buzz, the adoring critics, the lofty comparisons—but without being unduly self-deprecating, he is quick to downplay the hype. “The fact that I would even be mentioned in the same breath as Pacino, and particularly his performances in *The Godfather* and *Dog Day Afternoon*, is insane,” he says. “I take it all with a grain of salt. People talk a lot of shit.”

AS WE WEND OUR WAY PAST DISPLAYS OF painted pots, figurines, and shamanistic masks, Isaac waxes philosophical about the revelatory powers of hallucinogenic ayahuasca, the Paleolithic cave paintings in Werner

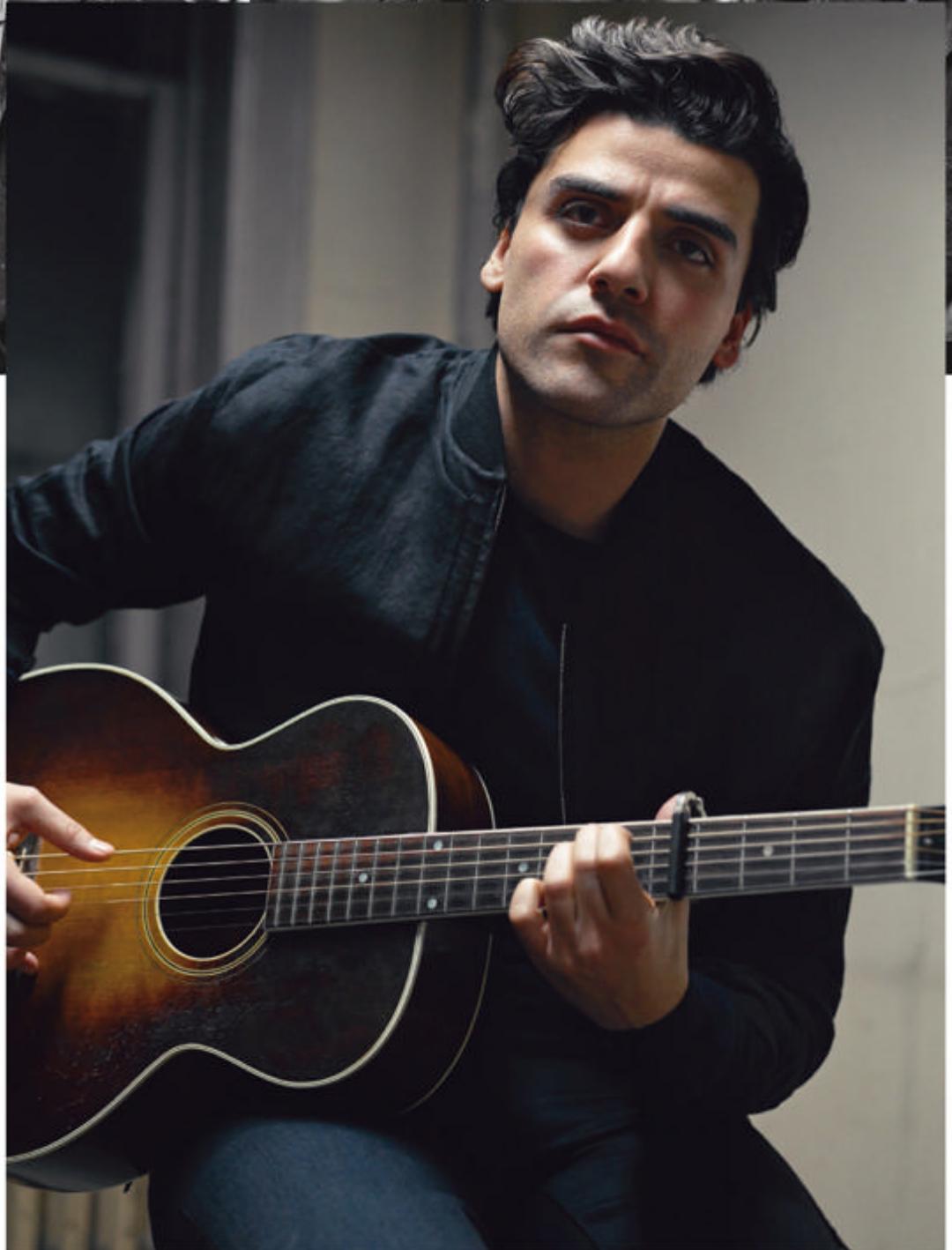
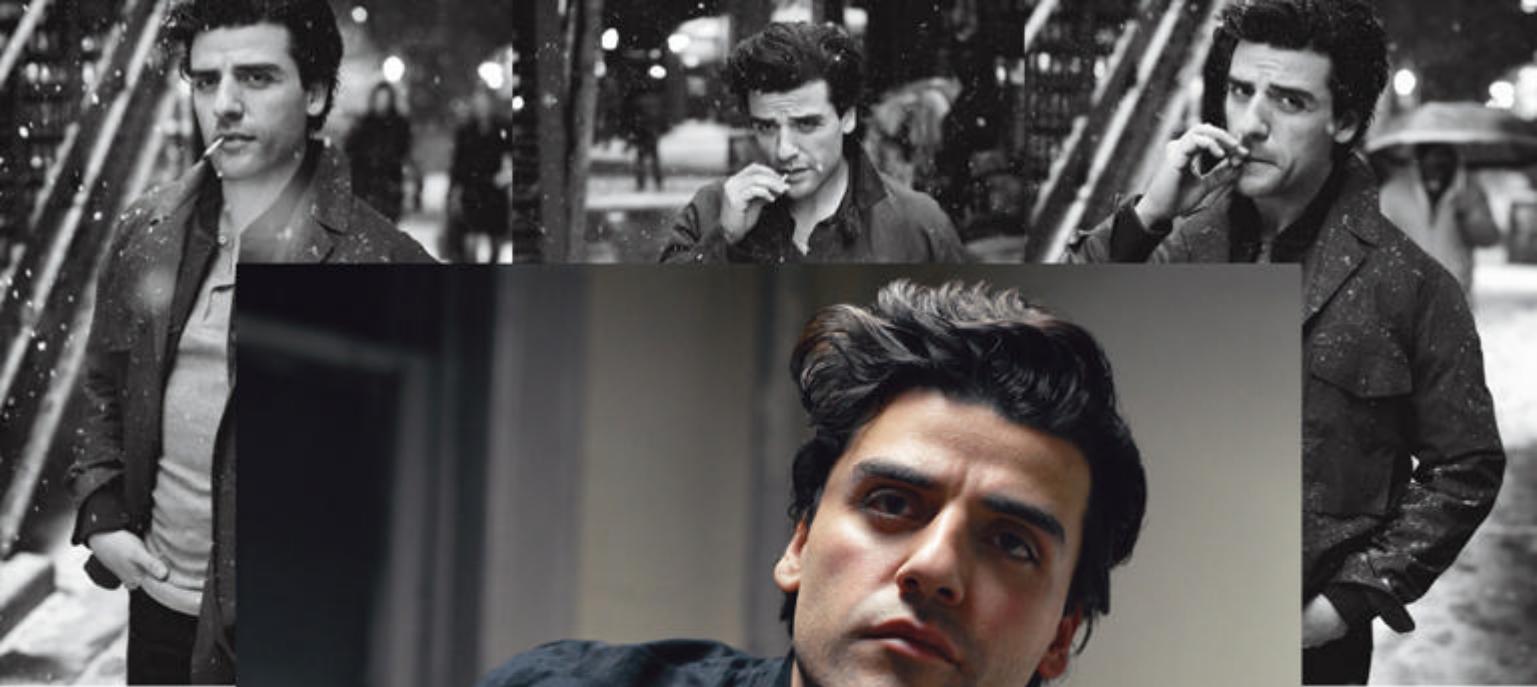
Herzog's documentary *Cave of Forgotten Dreams*, and the consequences of a God complex. Isaac's character in *Ex Machina*, Nathan, is a reclusive tech billionaire who has created what may be a new species, the first truly sentient artificial intelligence. Nathan invites an employee to give his creation, named Ava, a Turing test to determine if she possesses humanlike intelligence and independent thought—and he sees the ascension of her ilk as an inevitability, positing that “one day, the AIs will look back on us—upright apes all set for extinction.”

“Now I am become death, the destroyer of worlds,” Isaac says as we walk, repeating a quote from the movie, echoing the words Robert Oppenheimer said he thought upon witnessing the power of his creation, the atomic bomb. For Isaac, the joy of acting is in the preparation, and that single line of dialogue begat a journey through not just Oppenheimer's writings but also the pages of the Bhagavad Gita, the ancient Hindu scripture from which the nuclear scientist had quoted. Isaac also immersed himself in everything from Noam Chomsky's writing on language and the nature of consciousness to the chess champion Bobby Fischer's intense physical-training regimen before his showdown with the Russian Boris Spassky. He holed up with Garland in a Copenhagen hotel room for several days while dissecting the meaning of every line in the script. All this for a robot movie.

“It's also not only about artificial intelligence,” Isaac explains. “There are real concerns that, just like industry, technology has gone beyond our grasp and we're at the mercy of it now. Just think about what just happened with the supposedly historic blizzard, where everything got shut off and suddenly it's like you're helpless. We become victims of the systems we create, so why wouldn't it be the same with the AI?”

When we arrive at “Nature's Fury,” it becomes clear that Isaac's interest is less about the day before yesterday's historic storm that wasn't than his long-standing concern about a real-life *Day After Tomorrow*. His older sister, Nicole Hernández Hammer, a climate-change expert specializing in rising sea levels who was Michelle Obama's guest at the State of the Union address a week earlier, urged him to check out this exhibition before it closed. “Natural disasters are kind of right up her alley,” Isaac says.

He moves through the displays slowly, nodding at each with reverence and wonder and occasionally disbelief.



Center: Jacket by **Hermès**. Sweater by **Ermengildo Zegna Couture**. Jeans by **Burberry Brit**. Top: Jacket by **Lemaire**. Bomber jacket by **Calvin Klein Collection**. T-shirt by **Dolce & Gabbana**. Jeans by **Burberry Brit**.

"Look how long they waited," Isaac says, shaking his head solemnly as he surveys a photo of beachgoers running as a massive wall of water looms behind them during the 2004 Indian Ocean tsunami. "I had recurring dreams of waves for the longest time: I've died inside a tidal wave. I didn't die by drowning. I was killed by debris inside it, underwater."

In fact, natural disasters have changed the course of his life—and nearly taken it. Isaac, born Oscar Isaac Hernández (he shortened his name to avoid being typecast in Hispanic parts), might never have come to the United States if it hadn't been for a 1979 earthquake that caused landslides and widespread damage in his mother Maria's native Guatemala. (His father, a pulmonologist, is from Cuba but emigrated there.) "My mother was pregnant with me when the huge earthquake happened," he says. "They came to the U.S. right after I was born." The family moved first to Baltimore, then to New Orleans, before settling in the Kendall section of Miami. It was there in the summer of 1992 that his parents, evangelical Christians, were trying to discipline Isaac when Mother Nature again intervened.

"It was seventh grade, and I had just been invited not to come back to my private school," he recalls. "I'd petted some animals I wasn't supposed to pet. The school was built around this guy's ranch, and there was a big wall, and we never knew what was on the other side. Me and my friend jumped over and found all these exotic animals—guard emus and the craziest tiny little beavers. We just started petting them all. Why wouldn't you? But the guy complained."

He wasn't expelled for that alone—it was the latest in a string of transgressions by the precocious tween. "Boys-will-be-boys kind of stuff," he says. "I sprayed a fire extinguisher in the gym and defaced a mural. Wrote curse words on all the stairs up to the library, like *shit, fuck, ass*, all the way to the top step. Yeah, it was just stupid, stupid."

Isaac's parents came down hard, prescribing tough love and limited distractions. "I was gonna have to go to, like, a *Footloose* school, where they didn't allow dancing or singing or music," Isaac says. "And I just thought, Oh no, this is the end. Sure enough,

Hurricane Andrew came and blew that school down, so I didn't have to go."

Isaac points to an image showing the devastation in Greensburg, Kansas, the town flattened by a tornado in 2007—small piles of debris marking where homes once stood, not a single structure standing as far as the eye can see. "That's exactly what my neighborhood looked like," he says. "I came out and . . . everything was leveled."

The Category 5 hurricane ripped through South Florida, destroying or damaging more than 100,000 homes. "We were huddled inside with cushions over us," Isaac says. "The roof was torn off and the water was coming up. I was holding my dog. My room got completely swept away. And then, in the morning, my dad came and knocked through a wall and grabbed us and took us to the hospital where he was working."

The family relocated to Palm Beach, where Isaac attended public school. He started learning music and became increasingly serious, playing guitar and fronting a ska band, the Blinking Underdogs, that went on to perform on the Warped Tour. Despite the many temptations and his taste for troublemaking, Isaac walked a narrow line.

"I wasn't totally straight-edge, 'cause I ate meat," Isaac says. "But no drugs, no alcohol, no sex—all that stuff." He stood apart from his bandmates, some of whom, he says, were later lost to drug overdoses. "In a way, it became more of a badge of individuality. I was the guy that *didn't* do that." Until, in due time, he did. "After about 18, things started shedding pretty quickly. Yeah, all of that's been shed."

Isaac never stopped making music, even as he pursued acting as a profession. It was the legendary record producer T Bone Burnett who alerted the Coen brothers to Isaac's multiple talents. After *Inside Llewyn Davis*, Isaac played a concert based on the music celebrated in the film, performing alongside Marcus Mumford, Patti Smith, Jack White, and a who's-who of classic and modern folk. "I started to crash and burn in the middle of a song," Isaac says. He managed to get the guitar line back on track but was rattled. "There were definitely a few whiskeys drunk in the back to calm down some of the shakes."

Truth is, for all his talent, Isaac has never been entirely comfortable playing music for a live audience, because he's appearing as himself. "You just kind of expose it all—I'm not playing a character when I play music, so it's just very much me," Isaac says. "But you're also making weird sounds, and your face is doing funny things 'cause you're not thinking about it and people are just staring at you, and then it's over. Like sex with a stranger. Then it's just . . . thank you, that was fun!" he says, laughing. "Maybe I'll see you guys again some time."

IT'S LATE AFTERNOON WHEN WE ARRIVE AT Isaac's favorite part of the museum: "Size Scales of the Universe," in the Rose Center for Earth and Space, is a series of displays arrayed around the Hayden Sphere, a giant gray metal orb that bears an uncanny resemblance to the Death Star. "I always leave this a little bit humble and a little high, too," Isaac says, and it's easy to see why. The sphere and the numerous satellite objects around it illustrate the exponential differences in the relative sizes of galaxies, stars, planets—all the way down to subatomic particles. "Not that I really can even begin to understand, on any real level, any of this shit," Isaac says. "I mean, I'm a fuckin' actor."

The perspective is helpful for Isaac at this point, with his career poised to make an epic shift in scale. As devoted as he is to his craft, he is aware of its limits. And he knows that even the greatest performance cannot alone create a phenomenon on the scale of *Star Wars*. "My uncle was a huge fan," he says. "He had cards, toys—he still has a huge gallery where he has all his figures. He almost fainted when I told him that I was cast." When filming started, Isaac says, his uncle "made shirts that said *ESTAR GUARS, EPISODE VII*. I gave them to everybody and told J.J. Abrams, who was like, 'Does he wanna be in the movie?' He's an extra in a scene with me. How amazing is that?"

When he was in London filming, Isaac passed the downtime playing chess, often with Chris Pratt, who was there making *Guardians of the Galaxy*. There was the occasional night out, as when Jessica Chastain, his fellow Juilliard alum and costar in *A Most Violent Year*, took him to a British Film Institute dinner with

"THE THING ABOUT OSCAR IS THAT HE CAN PLAY ANYTHING, HE CAN DO ANY GENRE," SAYS JESSICA CHASTAIN, ISAAC'S COSTAR IN *A MOST VIOLENT YEAR*. "EVERY TIME I SEE HIM IN A FILM, I HAVE NO IDEA WHO I'M GOING TO MEET ON THAT SCREEN."

Dolce & Gabbana



Al Pacino, her costar in and the director of the biblical story *Salomé*. Isaac promptly cornered his idol and found, to his surprise, that the admiration was mutual. "He was so gracious when he saw me," Isaac says. "He was like, 'People talk to me about you.' That was amazing. We sat and I badgered him about acting. He loved it. And we just talked about it for, like, an hour, and everybody else disappeared, except Jessica, of course."

"I took a picture of the two guys," Chastain recalls. "I had Al on my left and Oscar on my right. And I Instagrammed it, and I said, 'In between greatness,' because really, it's two great generations of actors."

If there are any doubts that Isaac, who has honed his intense style in small dramatic films, can make the transition to IMAX screens, the filmmakers he's worked with don't share them. "I think he'll do it without even blinking," Garland says. "There's some stuff he's got in his tool set which is properly rare. Fierce talent, that's what you want—and that's exactly what Oscar's got. You don't need to be a filmmaker to see it."

"I do think he's a leading man," David Simon says of Isaac. "Of all the work I've done in long form, *Show Me a Hero* is a piece that actually has a lead role, and he is astonishing. He knew the entire arc the way a writer knows it, the way a director knows it."

Chastain, who also compares Isaac to the Pacinos-Hoffmans-Voigts, sees his chameleonlike skills as a strength, not a hindrance, in big-budget fare. "The thing about being a character actor like Oscar is that he can play anything, he can do any genre, he can do any accent, he can play more than just what people would expect," she says. "And that's what makes me so excited to see *X-Men*, to see *Star Wars*—every time I see him in a film, I have no idea who I'm going to meet on that screen."

Ultimately, Isaac says, the same is true for him. When his obsessive preparation gives way to performance, he is unsure exactly who or what will emerge. "When it comes time to actually do it," he says, "the process is letting all of that go. I try to not hold on to any of that information and just kind of see what sticks." He shakes his arms out, like a swimmer on the starting block, then changes metaphors. "It's like you fill the kitchen with all these ingredients, and then you shake the kitchen and you see if, magically, something worth eating comes out."

"THE FRIES ARE GOOD. WANT FRIES?" ISAAC SAYS.
He's standing at the bar at Malachy's, a fro-

zen-in-time Upper West Side dive, where he stretched his drinking dollar as a Juilliard student during the early 2000s.

He decided to apply on impulse after passing by the school when he was in New York doing a play. Once he was in the acting program, he quickly befriended Chastain, who was dating a friend of his. "She was an upperclassman and I was an underclassman. And she was amazing. She would give me a hard time about . . . my petting animals that I shouldn't have been petting," Isaac says, laughing. "Which is the new euphemism, by the way. I definitely petted a few animals in those days." (For her part, Chastain is as discreet now about his past dalliances as she was disapproving then, saying only: "I don't know, he's got a wild side to him, I guess.")

With her help, he matured. "She was always a very up-front, honest person, and she would push me to be a better man and a better actor," he says. "And so I definitely owe her a lot for that."

Isaac excelled at Juilliard and headlined a performance of *Macbeth* as a senior. But much of his learning took place outside the classroom, a product of his own fanboy fixations. "I will say this: *Dog Day Afternoon* taught me just as much, if not more, about acting than going to Juilliard did," he says. "There was a period when I would watch it once a month. I've seen *Dog Day Afternoon* more than myself in the mirror, ya know?"

It's obvious how far Isaac has come since his drama-student-barfly days, but it hasn't happened easily or overnight. "I didn't have doubts, but there was that sense of 'If they'd just give me that chance, I know I can do it.' Then I got a big studio movie, *The Nativity Story*, and didn't work for about a year after that. And then I thought, If they just give me another chance. . . . You start realizing it's not about chances—it's about longevity, it's about getting better."

So while it took another seven years before his breakout role as Llewyn Davis, when it came, he was ready, a polished actor whose star was on the rise. "For about 10 years now, I feel like it's just been a nice, steady progression into more and more interesting parts and larger bits of screen time," he says. "And the truth is, there hasn't been a ton of calculation. I've just been doing the best thing that has come my way. It isn't until lately where I'm having to say, 'Okay, this is good, but this is good too, and which one should I do?'"

It's an excellent problem to have, yet the stakes and risks are rising quickly. Isaac is

content to let the agents manage the business of being a star. He is steadfast that he won't move to Los Angeles, or go Hollywood in any sense. At the moment, he's renovating his apartment in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, where he often catches shows at Music Hall of Williamsburg and bars like Pete's Candy Store. He loves one neighborhood restaurant because it serves chicken with the head on. He likes to unwind by playing his guitar or *Grand Theft Auto* but has had trouble finding the time for that, or anything, recently. "It's actually been nonstop for almost two years, which is great, but . . . I'm just like, *Whew*. This is my last thing for a while." He has plans for a vacation in Guatemala before he begins shooting *X-Men*, but apart from spending time with his girlfriend, that's about it.

So as a tidal wave of success looms, Isaac won't drown in its immensity or be beaten by the debris that comes with it—instead, he will try to ride his craft as far as it will take him. "So far, the major leading roles I've had have been those kinds of films I love and grew up with," he says. "I'm sitting here with you because I got to do those films."

Of our day at the museum and happy hour at the bar, he says, "This is the first time I've had a reporter date. I'm gonna get some at the end of this. I'm gonna get some."

As bigger films loom, Isaac will be getting a lot—a lot more attention and scrutiny. A little while back, he rewatched *The Godfather* and tried to find an interview of Pacino discussing his role. "Nuthin'. Couldn't find one interview of Pacino, not one in-depth discussion of Michael Corleone," Isaac recalls. "I did over 300 interviews for *Inside Llewyn Davis*. And you just think, What the fuck? Of course people become so disposable, because every little bit gets wrung out of them and the magic goes away. Even the idea of discussing in depth what I feel about my characters. It's like, 'Why do you want to know?' I don't really like to answer it, because in a way it finalizes the performance. It dies then."

Isaac seems genuinely unsettled that people might want to know so much about his characters and also his own character. He leans forward and glances toward the ceiling, pausing for a moment, before grabbing a fistful of fries and smiling. "The secret is I've just been doing a Pacino impression the whole time," he says. He pops one fry after another into his mouth. "I don't know what everyone's freakin' out about. That's all I'm doing—a Pacino impression." ■



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Opposite: Jacket by **Burberry Prorsum**.
Pants by **Ermengildo Zegna Couture**.





This page: Louis Vuitton. Opposite: Jacket and pants by Calvin Klein Collection. Sneakers by Dior Homme. Bag by Bally.







This page: Clothing by **Gucci**.
Sunglasses by **Oliver Peoples**. Opposite:
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This page: Salvatore Ferragamo.
Opposite: Prada.





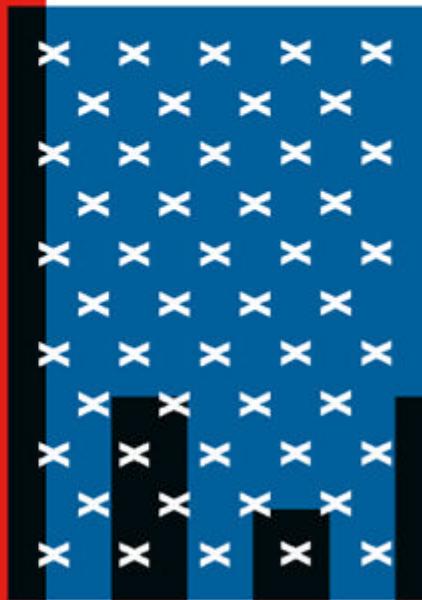


This page, from left: **Dior Homme**.
Tom Ford. Opposite: Coat, shirt, and
sunglasses by **Tommy Hilfiger**.
Bag by **Want Les Essentiels de la Vie**.

Photographs of models
by **Nicholas Prakas**.
Hair by **Kenna at Art Department**.
Makeup by **Claudia Lake for Make
Up For Ever HD Elixir**. Casting
by **Edward Kim at The Edit Desk**.

SHOULD THIS VOICE BE SILENCED?

BY IAN DALY
PHOTOGRAPHS BY
MICHAEL
SCHMELLING



Adam Kokesh's message scares a lot of people. But why? The 33-year-old Iraq War vet is just your average ex-marine, pacifist, pro-gun, pro-drug, anticensorship, antireligion activist advocating the overthrow of the government. He is neither left- nor right-wing, but his underground libertarian movement siphons supporters from both extremes. And what's truly revolutionary about this radical fringe figure is how sensible he sounds.



JUST BEFORE DAWN ON JULY 4, 2013, ADAM Kokesh awoke at his home on a cul-de-sac in the Washington, D.C., suburb of Herndon, Virginia, pulled a blazer over a crisply pressed button-down, and set out in his black Chevy Tahoe with a 12-gauge pump-action Mossberg Maverick shotgun and a pocketful of shells. Around 7:30 A.M., the former marine emerged—heart racing—onto a rectangle of parkland called Freedom Plaza, two blocks east of the White House. A friend who'd been in the passenger seat exited with him and began filming as Kokesh jammed round after round into the Maverick's open chamber.

"We will not be silent," Kokesh says to the camera. "We will not obey. We will not allow our government to destroy our humanity. We are the final American revolution," he says, feeding a last round into the shotgun and, with a menacing *ca-CHINK*, pumping the gun and slinging it across his chest. Then he delivers a dramatic sign-off under the steely-gray sky: "See you next Independence Day."

That 21-second stunt, filmed after Kokesh called off plans for an armed march on Washington, made headlines nationwide and garnered more than a million views on YouTube and other sites. It also won Kokesh the undivided attention of local and federal

law-enforcement officials—many of whom already knew him.

If your views are diametrically opposed to the generally accepted notion of government, you have probably heard of Adam Kokesh too. On his YouTube series "Adam Vs. The Man" (recently renamed "Freedom!"), the 205-pound, 33-year-old libertarian activist tackles everything from how to handle a DUI checkpoint to why all governments are inherently corrupt and should be abolished. Over the past seven years, Kokesh's acts of civil disobedience have gotten him arrested, by his own count, more than three dozen times. He was a member of the board of Iraq Veterans Against the War, interrupted John McCain's nomination-acceptance speech at the 2008 Republican National Convention, held a seven-day tower-guard vigil at the Washington Monument, was once forcibly removed from House hearings, was arrested for throwing a silent dance party at the Jefferson Memorial to protest a ruling that made dancing illegal there, and was booked again at a marijuana-legalization rally in Philadelphia. The 2013

Freedom Plaza stunt (he never actually fired the Mossberg) was the latest in a lively series of performances designed to make a statement. Kokesh says his audience is drawn from both sides of the political aisle but tends to be young and includes a healthy number of former and current servicemen—all of whom have begun to question the "system."

"I think his message is resonating for similar reasons as Martin Luther King Jr.'s message resonated during the civil-rights era," says Nathan Cox, an Iraq War vet who cofounded Veterans for Ron Paul with Kokesh in 2012. "Adam is a natural-rights activist. Race, religion, doesn't matter. The biggest message is freedom and peace—same as the civil-rights era."

The apparent contradiction in making shotgun-loading videos but also preaching nonviolence is exactly the point. Call Kokesh the shock jock of libertarianism. He represents that place where the American right and left fold in on each other to form a singularity. And as the number of people who trust the government plummets—which it has, from

THE ROAD WARRIOR Kokesh, who gained fame for his high-profile acts of civil disobedience, is preparing to bring the radical libertarian message detailed in his book *Freedom! to the people*, taking the Tahoe trailer he now calls home on a yearlong nationwide promotional tour in March.



77 percent to 24 percent in the past 50 years, according to the Pew Research Center—his arguments carry ever more force. It's what Kokesh likes to call "waking people up."

"If I'm not making people think, it's worthless," he says. "I'm willing to sacrifice my image to make people think, What is the nature of gun control?" At Freedom Plaza, Kokesh says, he was trying to draw attention to the absurdity of laws that made carrying guns legal on one side of the Potomac but verboten once you cross a bridge into the District.

On a picture-postcard Saturday afternoon in February—a year and a half after the video was made—Kokesh and I are on the beach in Santa Monica, California, with his girlfriend, a cheery blonde 24-year-old from Wisconsin named Macey Oehlenschlager, and his orange pit bull—Great Dane mix, Baloo.

"You smoke weed?" Kokesh asks, pulling a glass pipe out of his dog's saddlebag. "I'm kind of an anytime smoker." The couple call California home for now. Fresh off a two-hour gym session, Kokesh packs a bowl of prescription Blue Dragon sativa hybrid, takes a few hits, and begins cycling through yoga poses as we chat. It is hard to reconcile the image of this weed-smoking yogi (albeit one built like a Navy SEAL) with that of the gun nut in D.C. But Kokesh regards the latter as street theater. "This is the difference between an artist who tries to create beauty versus one who tries to make you think," he tells me. Law enforcement hasn't always seen it that way. And that gun-rights video turned out to be the one that changed his life forever.

IT WAS EARLY IN THE EVENING OF JULY 9, 2013—five days after he filmed his call to arms at Freedom Plaza—when Kokesh heard the BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM at the door of his Herndon home. His girlfriend at the time, a 24-year-old UCLA grad named Carey Wedler, was in the shower. Before she could throw on a dress, according to her, Kokesh, and others in the house, the U.S. Park Police SWAT team and a host of other officers in riot gear had broken the door down and lobbed a flash grenade into the foyer. In the chaos, Baloo had bolted upstairs. Wedler says she emerged from the bathroom to see her boyfriend standing shirtless on the upstairs landing with his hands in the air, the green laser dots of rifle scopes converging on his chest.

After years of warning his audience about the dangers of government power and the abuses of law enforcement, Kokesh was seeing the show from a front-row seat. But it was no

stage play. He says police zip-tied not just his hands but those of Wedler and their six roommates, four of whom worked on Kokesh's "Adam Vs. The Man" show.

"What you're looking for is in the headboard of the bed," Kokesh remembers saying, directing his uninvited visitors to the gun used in the video. But that wasn't all they'd come for. Over the next five hours, with Kokesh and company confined in a room as helicopters circled overhead, around 40 officers tore through the house. Some, Kokesh recalls, were in plainclothes but wore ski masks. Eventually they entered the basement, ransacked the studio where Kokesh filmed his show, and broke into a metal safe where they found more guns. They also found, according to prosecutors, LSD, mushrooms, marijuana, Ecstasy, and cocaine. Kokesh admits ownership of the weed but claims he knew nothing about the other drugs. He was the only one charged following the raid.

"They pinned everything on me," he says. He later entered an Alford plea (proclaiming innocence but admitting there's enough evidence to support a guilty verdict) to two felony charges related to his possession of hallucinogenic mushrooms and a gun. Kokesh's lawyers got him off with two years of probation, but not before he spent four months in jail.

"If you had told me, 'Hey, you're gonna go to jail for four months, and then you're gonna go out and have a big party and it's all gonna be good,' I'd be like, 'Cool, let's do it!'" he says. Apart from the uncertainty (and the lawyers), Kokesh was far from miserable. He calls it his "government-induced, taxpayer-funded spiritual retreat."

"Adam deals with stress better than anyone I know," says Wedler, his ex-girlfriend. "He'd be calling me from jail, and I'd be the one having the breakdown. I think he came out even more positive."

For roughly 60 days, Kokesh sat in solitary confinement—in an eight-by-seven-foot box with a cot and a toilet. It was there that he decided to put his energy into a manifesto. His time in prison didn't shake him of his ideals—but it left him frustrated that people still didn't appreciate the true meaning of libertarianism.

"I didn't understand it," he recalls. "It was like this beautiful philosophy that was discovered that solved most of society's problems. All you had to do was consistently apply ethical principles and not point guns at people just because you don't like them

and stop using government as an excuse to do that. The philosophy got dangerously watered down through the seventies and eighties, especially. It came to be known as 'socially liberal, fiscally conservative,' he says, shifting his yoga pose from cat to cow. "That's like using flavors to describe colors."

So Kokesh decided he would spread the word. A few months later, he had completed his 97-page manifesto, called *Freedom!* It is far from the angry screed of an imprisoned radical—in fact, it opens with a passage that could have been lifted from Tony Robbins.

"Right now is an amazing time to be alive," it begins. "The human experience is as rich and delightful as ever and every day carries the promise of a better world. . . . We have come a long way and that's something worth taking a step back to appreciate."

"What I want to do is provide the most value that I can to the world," he says as waves lap the Pacific shoreline, "and I think I'm a lot more self-aware than I was then, and self-centered—like, spiritually centered. It wasn't just the jail experience but everything around it—playing really high-stakes poker."

The next Wednesday, Kokesh puts on a tight black *FREEDOM!* T-shirt and heads over to the Third Street Promenade in Santa Monica to ask moviegoers what they thought of *American Sniper*. It's part of his second act, abandoning the rowdier model of civil disobedience in favor of strolling up to members of the public with a microphone and a camera guy to engage them in what he calls "a Socratic dialogue."

"Do you think Chris Kyle was a hero?" Kokesh asks a bearded dude clutching a Starbucks cup.

"I believe he was protecting our nation in a time of war."

"What was the threat to our nation?

"Terrorism."

"From Iraq?"

"Uhh . . . from Al Qaeda . . . from different terrorist groups. Not in just one country. All over the place."

"When did Al Qaeda come to Iraq?"

"Uhh . . ." And at this point, Kokesh throws the camera some "Can you believe this shit?" side-eye.

"They were in Syria . . ." the bearded dude struggles. "They move around."

"Well, this is an important question," Kokesh says, pushing, "because you're saying that you support him going after Al Qaeda in Iraq, so when did Al Qaeda get to Iraq?"

"They were never in Iraq," says the beard-

OF HIS CAMPAIGN TO RECLAIM THE TRUE MEANING OF LIBERTARIANISM, KOKESH SAYS: "IT WAS TO DO WAS CONSISTENTLY APPLY ETHICAL PRINCIPLES AND NOT POINT GUNS AT PEOPLE JUST

ed dude, "but I'm really glad that Saddam Hussein was taken out of power, because he actually had plans to attack America, whether people realize it or not."

"What were those plans?"

"When we went in there, we found the plans."

"Like the weapons of mass destruction?"

It's easy to see why his subjects are so easily faked out. Seeing a jacked guy with a **FREEDOM!** T-shirt and a **USMC** tattoo on his forearm approach you after a war movie, wouldn't you assume he was after a big ol' 'Murica! chest bump? That's the trap. Kokesh has hijacked the right-left value system we use to identify friend or foe and, in a bit of ideological judo, turned it against us. Which has pissed off a lot of people.

"The man is a pro-leftist plant," wrote the conservative blogger Tom King in a post entitled "Adam Kokesh Sucks the Ron Paul Fringe," "whose purpose appears to be to spread disruption, confusion and chaos in the ranks of conservatives."

"One of the advantages of having fought conservative battles in the blogosphere for a decade and in traditional media for more than two decades is that I never forget a fraudster," wrote Michelle Malkin in a 2013 blog post about Kokesh. "For crying out loud, just Google him and his pals."

The left doesn't claim Kokesh as one of its own either. "He's like a third-rate Alex Jones," says Jesse LaGreca, a spokesperson for the Occupy movement, "a total unhinged loon."

That message seemed to be getting through to Kokesh, hence the shift from attention-grabbing stunts to attention-grabbing speech. (Plus, stunts are tough, given that for a felon, gun possession, among other things, is prohibited.) It might have been easy to dismiss his street theater as the antics of a gun-toting wack job. But it's a lot harder to dismiss a mirror—which is what Kokesh's videos hold up to the voting public. And we aren't peering into some *Duck Dynasty* corner of America that education and critical thinking forgot. We're looking at latte-sipping dupes like ourselves. We are all bearded dudes. Perhaps that's why Kokesh, even if he does occupy the outskirts, gains the grudging

respect of the more moderate center of the Libertarian Party he stands for.

"I like some of the stuff he's done," says Nicholas Sarwark, the chair of the Libertarian National Committee. "Some of it is over the top, but it's probably good that there are people like that out there. Those aren't always the ones that want to engage in a political party—they're idea guys. And that's sort of where Adam seems to fit in."

So where exactly do Kokesh's ideas come from? As it turns out, he's no backwater by-product of the lunatic redneck fringe—

towards but move around like water.'" His parents divorced when he was 10—and it was "kind of messy." Kokesh took refuge in punk music—Dead Kennedys, Rancid, Bad Religion, the Offspring. He got kicked out of high school for possession of alcohol and ended up at a Native American prep school in rural Rowe, New Mexico. "A really cool experience," he says, "but I was the only white kid out of 63 students." In 2000, he signed up for the U.S. Marines Reserves for "no good reason."

"I wanted to be the first kid on my block with a confirmed kill," he says. "No, that's a

line from *Full Metal Jacket*. It's supposed to be an antiwar film, but it made me want to join. 'That's a challenge that can drive someone to suicide? I'm there!' It was machismo. There was a very noble intent of wanting to go into it to sacrifice something and put my life on the line." His most watched YouTube video isn't political—it was shot by a platoon-mate in a gravelly foxhole in Fallujah in April 2004.

"Sergeant, are you having fun?"

"Well," Kokesh responds, crouched in the pit with a rifle and a flak jacket, "it's not like going-to-the-beach fun or making-out-with-your-sister fun. It's more like shoving-shards-of-broken-glass-up-your-ass-and-taking-a-bath-in-Tabasco-sauce fun."

Kokesh says he was in a couple of convoys hit by IEDs, but he's careful not to pull a Brian Williams (he states clearly that they never hit his vehicle, though it did take shrapnel and rifle fire). He saw a lot of carnage, including the burned-out body of an Iraqi and numerous corpses of fellow soldiers. "I carried a guy on a stretcher who was dying," he says, "and he didn't make it." Kokesh was nearly hit by a bullet that was fired from across the Euphrates and penetrated several layers of his vehicle's armor before stopping just short of his groin. "If it had been close, it could've gone right through and hit me underneath that body armor right in the pelvis. But . . . I've had more trauma from activism—from cops and from jail—than from combat."

During his seven-month tour of duty, Kokesh says, he observed house raids and guarded sleep-deprived detainees zip-tied with sandbag covers over their heads, sitting



BOUND FOR LIBERTY Long a target of law enforcement, Kokesh, a member of Iraq Veterans Against War (IWA), has been arrested more than three dozen times.

he's a nice Jewish kid from a well-to-do family in San Francisco who was shitty at following orders.

"I had deep-seated, legitimate disdain for authority," Kokesh says. We're driving up from the beach through the sage-dotted canyons of Malibu to his home in the Conejo Valley. "Partly born that way, partly because my dad used to tell me stories about getting around the rules. And my mom was like, 'Authority is just part of the terrain you're supposed to not have any emotional attitude

LIKE THIS BEAUTIFUL PHILOSOPHY THAT SOLVED MOST OF SOCIETY'S PROBLEMS. ALL YOU HAD BECAUSE YOU DON'T LIKE THEM AND STOP USING GOVERNMENT AS AN EXCUSE TO DO THAT."

in their own excrement. "So I can say I've tortured and have been tortured on behalf of this government," he says.

After joining Iraq Veterans Against the War in 2007, Kokesh spoke at a Ron Paul rally in 2008 and again at a Veterans for Ron Paul march in Washington in 2012. In 2010, he ran in the Republican primary for New Mexico's 3rd Congressional District seat, finishing second with 29 percent of the vote. So how does he reconcile his desire to abolish government with his bid for office?

"That's like saying, 'How do you reconcile your desire to eat with your plan to put food in your mouth?'" Kokesh says. "One logically follows the other." It's the same reason Ron Paul, a textbook Libertarian, went Republican. Of the two parties, it's the one that advocates for smaller government—and holding political office is arguably the only way to directly influence policy in a country that doesn't have room in the Capitol for a third party. In an early foray into politics, Kokesh was involved in the Tea Party during its formative days. "I was one of the organizers of one of the first tea parties, when it was really just that tax protest," he says. "Then it just became the activist wing of the Republican Party."

These days, having come to terms with the limitations of both parties—and having experienced the perils of practicing civil disobedience, the horrors of Iraq, and two months in solitary confinement—Kokesh has arrived at a place that is more spiritual than political. "Now all I care about is getting people to read this book," he says.

Make no mistake about it: *Freedom!* calls for revolution, but the brand Kokesh advocates isn't so much an overthrow as a slow march toward a world free of government, as people "wake up"—which isn't always easy to envision. In April 2014, Kokesh invited former Minnesota governor Jesse Ventura on his YouTube show. The two vets seem to click at first—until Kokesh suggests that Ventura will always stand for curbing freedom so long as he believes in government.

"Well," Ventura says, shrugging, "you're advocating for no government at all, and you say it will work. . . . We will all just make up our own minds and do our own collective thinking, and we'll all work out our own problems. Hey, if you can do it, that's wonderful. Good luck."

As our trust in government continues

to evaporate, though, a body of dissent is gaining momentum. More than 43 percent of Americans identify as independent, according to a 2015 Gallup poll, and the Libertarian Party has grown to a quarter-million registered members. The Occupy movement, which started in New York City as a peaceful protest of economic policies in 2011, spread in three weeks to more than 951 cities and 82 countries. The image of the pudgy campus cop in riot gear nonchalantly unleashing MK-9 pepper spray on seated Occupy protesters at UC Davis in 2011 outgrew the status of Internet meme—it became emblematic of a populace increasingly at odds with the unchecked power of government agencies. And don't forget the muscle of the Tea Party. So here we are, 14 years into a largely unsuccessful war in the Middle East, with the Islamic State expanding its reach, an \$18 trillion national debt, and African-Americans being killed by cops for reasons that are hard to justify, and citizens on both sides (or neither side) of the aisle are finding a place of agreement: *This isn't working.* And that's why Kokesh's pitch sounds a lot more sensible than his shotgun-loading video might suggest.

"You know the official story about the world that we're supposed to believe?" Kokesh asks his YouTube visitors in a video promoting his book. "You know, that governments are always good and necessary, that politicians only do what they do because they love us so very much, that the police only exist to serve and protect you, and that every war the government has ever fought has been perfectly just and righteous? The mainstream media tries to get us to believe that all this lines up just right, and while the system has its flaws, you have nothing to worry about—you can just go about your life, vote, pay taxes, be a good citizen, and trust the authorities. But you know better. You know you're being lied to. And you know on some level deep inside that you are being lied to, because you are being taken advantage of. Would you like to understand why? Would you like to be able to escape this racket? Would you like the code to see through all the lies?"

YES, YES, Mr. Kokesh!!! Release me!!

AS THAT FEBRUARY DAY AT THE BEACH WINDS down, Kokesh and Oehlenschlager pack up and roll back to the 85-square-foot Thor

Tahoe trailer parked in his friend's driveway in Thousand Oaks that will be their home for the next month. They've been supporting themselves with YouTube ad sales, merchandise, and his disability checks (he has been diagnosed with PTSD). The trailer is white and is emblazoned with the **FREEDOM!** logo across every surface. Inside, Kokesh whips up some stir-fry in a black-and-white **FREEDOM!** T-shirt under six window-blocking **FREEDOM!** banners. Say what you will about his message, no one—apart from maybe the Michelin Man—embodies a brand more than Adam Kokesh.

"I've never been happier," he says, standing out by the electrical hookup under the pink Conejo Valley sky, "and I've never had more consistent sex."

Sometime in March, he, Oehlenschlager, and Baloo will hitch up the trailer and light out on a cross-country book-promotion tour. When she "met" him a few months ago, Oehlenschlager was living in Wisconsin. She took one look at his video on DUI checkpoints and messaged him on Twitter: "Adam Kokesh I love you and everything you stand for." So Kokesh flew her out West for a first date. "If it works out," he told her, "the second date will be a yearlong book tour."

In 2020, Kokesh says, he'll be running for president on a platform that advocates the dissolution of the federal government. He may represent the end of our ability to plot our political positions on a clean left-to-right line—with tax-loving, bleeding-heart, anti-war, gun-loathing hippies at one extreme and poor-people-loathing, war-mongering, gun-lovin' old white guys at the other. Given that all sides are confused about which way to go but at least in agreement that every direction looks fucked, Kokesh's angle may reach a bigger audience than ever. He likes to tell a story about the two months he spent in solitary confinement. Sometimes, when the days seemed to stretch on forever, he'd beckon guards over to his cell—calling out to them from behind the little rectangle of glass or through the slit, when it was open.

"Hey, can I talk to you for a second?" he'd ask. When they came, he didn't spout any dogma. He didn't quote his manifesto or call them dogs of the state. He simply said, to every guard who would listen: "You're a free, beautiful, independent human being. And you should never let anyone tell you otherwise." ■

This page: Coat and T-shirt by Ami.

Pants by **Maison Kitsuné**.

Opposite: AJX Armani Exchange.



Check It Out

GRAPHIC YET SUBTLE, THIS SPRING'S STANDOUT PATTERN WILL GET YOU NOTICED—FOR ALL THE RIGHT REASONS.

photographs by tetsu kubota | styling by eugene tong



This page: Etro.

Opposite: Emporio Armani.







This page: Sweater by **HUGO**.
Shirt by **Michael Kors**.
Shorts by **Bally**. Opposite: **Canali**.

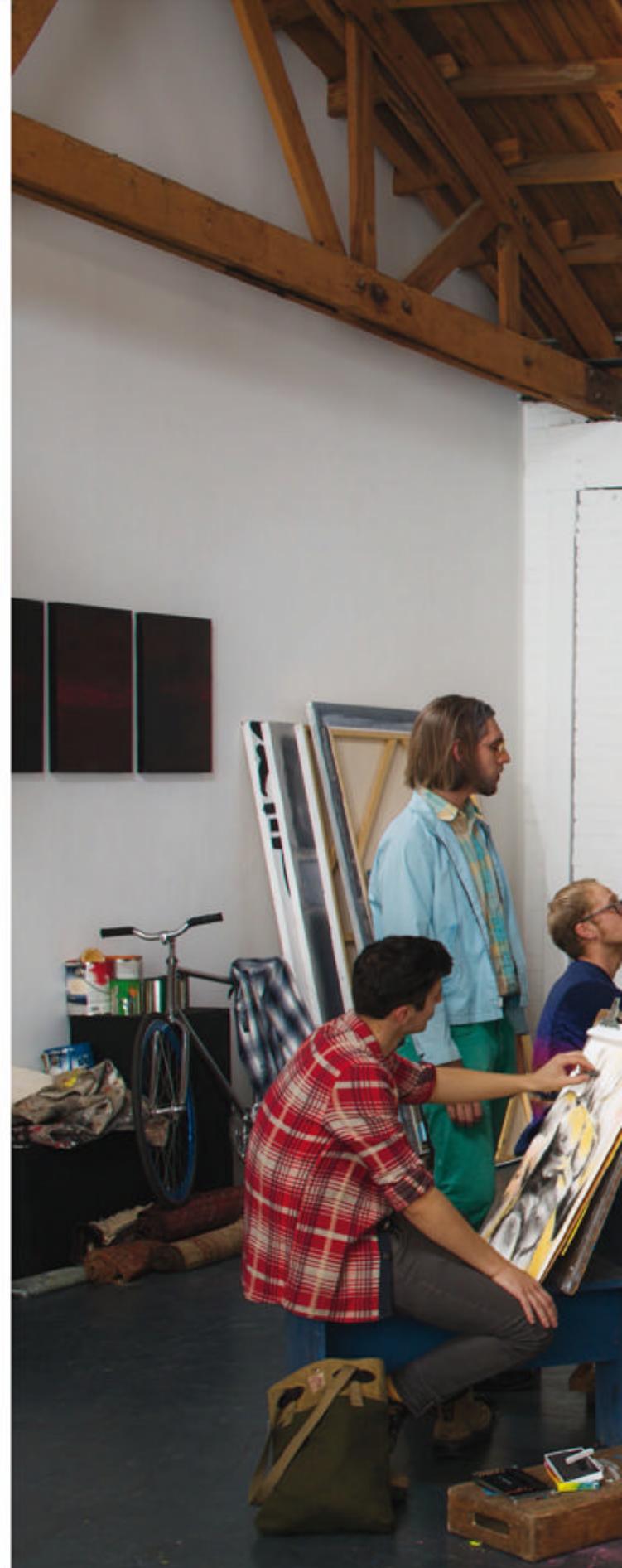
Hair by **Andrew Fitzsimons**
using **Oribe** for **abtp.com**.
Makeup by **Caitlin Wooters**
for **Chanel**. Casting by
Edward Kim at **The Edit Desk**.



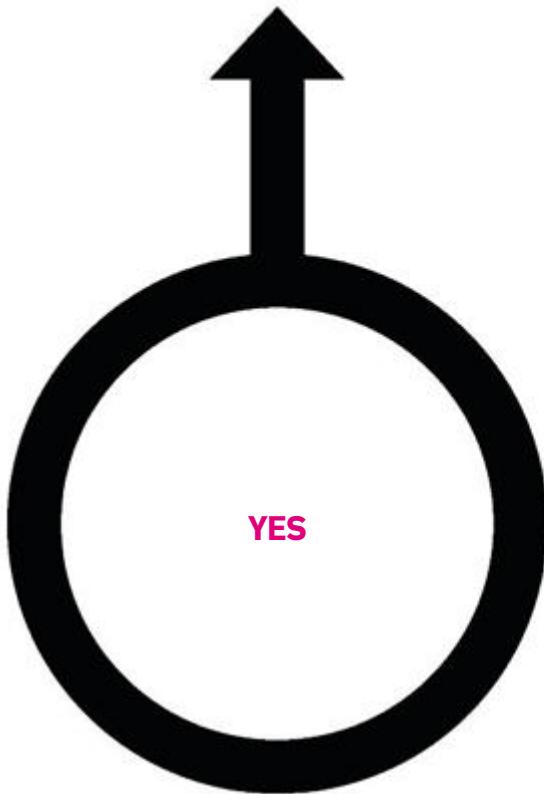
These days, there are countless versions of masculinity but only one enduring image of *mass-culinity*. The rare breed of male who makes most of American womankind swoon is worried less about what it takes to be a man than what it takes to please a lady. This latter-day Fabio can be found on *Dancing With the Stars*, *The Bachelor*, and, of course, the covers of romance novels. But sorry—there's one place you'll never see him: in the mirror.

BY JESSE ASHLOCK | PHOTOGRAPH BY KEVIN COOLEY

INSIDE THE
IDEAL
MASS-CULINE







YES, FABIO STILL MATTERS. TRUE, IT'S BEEN MORE THAN 15 YEARS SINCE

the Milanese wonder last appeared on the cover of a romance novel, but his flowing tresses and pneumatic pecs and cornball courtly manner remain shorthand for a kind of lover who still inflames the passions of lots of women. For starters, there's the woman who watches TV dating shows, adores the novels of Nicholas Sparks, and uses a fireman calendar to count down the days till *Dancing With the Stars* returns. But it's not just the PTA mom in Dubuque; there's also the hot girl three cubicles down in marketing who claims the last book she read was *The Goldfinch* but actually plowed through *The Fault in Our Stars*, who secretly prefers *The View* to *Vogue*, and who might profess her love for Benedict Cumberbatch's offbeat wit but really comes alive for Channing Tatum's perfectly defined derriere. Which is why hunky romantic heroes in the Fabio mold are again inspiring lust and longing. In truth, they never went away, but they are newly ascendant, thanks to the considerable cultural fatigue—on the part of both women and men—with the preening, underfed, self-loving, sensitive-to-a-fault men who have multiplied so widely since the turn of the millennium. As the passion pendulum swings back to Fabioesque figures, you might wonder what the secret to their sex appeal is. It is shockingly simple. Take it from Fabio himself: "To be polite, to be a gentleman," he says. "To open the door when you take out a woman for dinner. It also means when you go out with that person, you pay attention to that person and you turn off your phone."

There's been an inordinate amount of hand-wringing lately about the "end of men"—as represented by such recent pop-sociological male archetypes as the Apatowian man-child, the lumbersexual (basically

a plaid-clad metrosexual, the suffix -sexual being to men in crisis as -gate is to scandals), and the enlightened, enervated hipster, whose sensitive, self-absorbed, share-every-feeling ways all but demanded the strong, silent type's return to favor. None of those guys would think to turn off his phone during dinner with a woman. But there is a kind of guy out there, an attentive, broad-shouldered woman-worshipper seen lately in movies and on TV, who would. He's a throwback; an uncomplicated man who is comfortable with his masculinity, happy with who he is, liked by other guys, and loved by women. He is a man's man and a ladies' man. He is a tender beefcake. He is the new Fabio.

What he isn't, dear reader of this magazine for modern men, is you. Central to the fantasy of a Fabio figure is that he is decidedly not preoccupied with himself. His focus is on his romantic partner. He is uninterested in skinny jeans, skinny suits, or skinny ties. His physique isn't hospitable to that style of dress, but he's not that kind of guy, anyway. His body looks more like the product of basic training than a yoga studio. He is allergic to irony. He's a doer rather than a thinker (or a worrier). Grand romantic gestures do not embarrass him. As John D'Salvo, the Bronx-born romance-novel-coverboy rival of Fabio in the nineties, once told the *New York Times*: "Jacuzzis are nice, but sharing and providing for her every need without ever expecting anything in return is what it's really about."

Or just listen to the godfather. "I think when you're a real man, you don't have an ego," Fabio opines. "And you have to be a pillar. A woman has to feel protected."

His code is simple and allows him to see things in black-and-white and not get lost in shades of gray. Speaking of which, it bears mentioning that the new Fabio is basically the opposite of that other frequently fantasized-about character: Christian Grey, the icy, self-regarding, egotistical BDSM bad boy of *50 Shades of Grey*, whose sexual peccadilloes are designed to make a woman feel the opposite of protected. No, the new Fabio is an old-fashioned type whose lineage goes back to literary protagonists from Romeo to the men who populate the novels of the Brontë sisters. Contemporary romantic heroes, while just as ardent in their passions as those classic characters, tend to be a bit less damaged. "They're not all tortured, angsty, Heathcliff-type characters," says Sarah Wendell, the author of *Everything I Know About Love I Learned From Romance Novels* and coauthor of *Beyond Heaving Bosoms*. These fictional figures have always been popular with women. And while this breed of man may have lost ground to more modern male archetypes, he never disappeared, which is why the romance genre, driven almost entirely by female readers, is one of the few bright spots in the struggling book business (and a leading light in the e-book business). But the male characters in these books are, by and large, a little bit more . . . regular than the new Fabio. Many, according to Wendell, are veterinarians and accountants. And while the new Fabio shares these guys' honor and steadiness, he is definitely not a vet or an accountant. He combines their romantic sensibility with self-sufficiency, rugged individualism, and action-hero bravery in the mold of Eustace Conway, profiled by Elizabeth Gilbert in her book *The Last American Man* years before she ate, prayed, and loved. Conway is the modern-day Davy Crockett who lived alone in a tepee in the Appalachian woods, hunting for his food and sewing his clothes out of buckskin. Asked whether there was anything he couldn't do, he declared, "Well, I've never found anything to be particularly difficult." This casual can-do competence is also a hallmark of the new Fabio. He's a lover, not a fighter, but if he had to, he could beat you up with one hand tied behind his back.

Consider Maksim Chmerkovskiy, the Ukrainian-by-way-of-Coney

Island *Dancing With the Stars* veteran who's at the head of the parade of new Fabios who have been marching across screens both small and large. Recently, on *The Meredith Vieira Show*, he told the tale of losing his virginity in his teens to a supermodel in her thirties. The gushing applause of the women in the studio audience showed that Chmerkovskiy remains cougar-bait in his thirties. Why? The same unrelenting charm offensive that was on display through 14 seasons on *Dancing With the Stars*, which has led to his being linked to the likes of Kate Upton and J. Lo (she has denied that they dated). When he won the show in season 18 with the Olympic ice dancer Meryl Davis (yet another rumored paramour—though they maintain that they are just good friends), he celebrated on *Live With Kelly & Michael* by repeatedly planting kisses on Davis' hands and forehead, the kind of retrograde romantic gesture most modern men would never deploy but which goes over big with the women tired of leaning in.

Network television is a particularly fertile territory for this kind of guy. *The Bachelor* has long been a proving ground for new-Fabio aspirants, and on the show's 19th and most recent season, the kind, square-jawed farmer Chris Soules embodied a prime example of the type, especially since he carried on his broad shoulders the romantic wound of having been dismissed from *The Bachelorette* last year. After he invited his harem of bachelorettes to his native Iowa to present red roses to the deserving few, he remarked, "Hometowns are extremely important to me." This is another crucial aspect of the new Fabio: He invariably bears the mark of the place that made him who he is.

The Big Four is probably the place on TV where the new Fabio thrives most, because the women who love him are the networks' last loyal viewers. But cable is certainly not immune to his charms. Consider Joe Manganiello, who managed to overshadow *True Blood*'s original trio of male hotties when he arrived on the HBO show in its third season. He'd begun building his monumental physique by lifting

of loving women and getting nothing in return (in the case of *The Vow*, because the woman can't remember who he is).

Tatum is also, as has been much discussed, a truly sick dancer (he even wooed his wife with his moves on the set of *Step Up*). Fancy footwork turns out to be a trait that many of the actors who play new-Fabio-worthy characters have in common. This is obvious in the case of Chmerkovskiy, and it's hardly a coincidence that Manganiello has impressive moves—see him in *Magic Mike*, alongside Tatum—as does noted song-and-dance man Jackman. Hemsworth has even appeared on the Australian version of *Dancing With the Stars*. Dance allows a guy to express a sensitive, vulnerable side without requiring him to be, you know . . . insufferable. "I have dated dudes whose move in arguments is to cry and talk about how it's because their father never respected them, and I hate that shit," Gould says. "It's awful. This drippy seventies man who's in touch with his feelings is the most toxic kind." Being a lord of the dance shows women that the new Fabio is sensitive to her. It's not about him. Because, as the actual Fabio points out, real men aren't driven by their egos. "Smart women want a real man," he says. "That's why so many women today are unhappy, because there are not many men left." In a sense, he adds, we have seen the end of men—proper men, anyway: "Chivalry is out the door. It's funny, because women are almost more manly today than men. It's okay for a man to be sensitive, but not too sensitive. More sensitive than a woman, you pass the line."

Fabio is yearning for (and, you might argue, a product of) an earlier, less complicated time. And actually, one of the most persuasive new Fabios to come along lately hails from just such a time. He has a knack for the gallant gesture, from giving his coat to a shivering lady to enduring torture to protect a woman's honor. He's unfailingly kind to children and animals. He'd never dream of backing down from a fight, and he has the respect of his fellow men. He is handsome in a

**"People resist the concept of chivalry because they think of men with handkerchiefs bowing and scraping and speaking poetry," says Ronald D. Moore, creator of the hit series *Outlander*.
"But it's really just a mode of honorable behavior."**

100-pound bags of cement on a construction crew before being cast as Alcide Herveaux, the owner of a general-contracting company who also happens to be a werewolf and ultimately dies trying to protect the show's heroine, Sookie Stackhouse, played by Anna Paquin. For his efforts, he won Sofia Vergara in real life.

To finish sculpting his body for the *True Blood* part, Manganiello hired the trainer who'd worked with another wolf charged with protecting Paquin: Hugh Jackman, whose Wolverine in the X-Men franchise also represents an avatar of the new-Fabio type: strong, self-abnegating, super-loyal, and super-ripped. Australia has a knack for producing these kinds of brawny guardians—see, for instance, Chris Hemsworth's Thor. As the god of thunder, the hunky Hemsworth sports a flowing mane, rippling musculature, and a wardrobe worthy of a romance-novel cover and displays the same impulse to protect the object of his affections—Natalie Portman's Dr. Jane Foster—whatever the cost.

Then there's Channing Tatum, whom Emily Gould, the ex-Gawker editor and sometime relationship writer, calls "the all-around ideal of contemporary masculinity." In movies like *Dear John* and *The Vow*, he brings his all-American persona and linebacker physique to roles as modern romantic protagonists who may throw a few ill-advised punches when they've been wronged but always do an admirable job

rugged but boyish way, has a perfectly chiseled physique, and looks great in period garb. All of this is because he is a Scottish Highland warrior living in 1743. He is Jamie Fraser, the kilt-wearing 18th-century romantic hero played by Sam Heughan on the new Starz time-travel fantasy—cum—bodice ripper *Outlander*, based on the best-selling books, which returns for a second season this month. Fraser is the embodiment of the discredited (except by Fabio) notion of chivalry—whose rumored demise is much exaggerated. "People resist the concept of chivalry because they think of men with handkerchiefs bowing and scraping and speaking poetry," says Ronald D. Moore, who created the series. "But it's really just a mode of honorable behavior."

Honorable behavior is just as possible now as it was in Jamie Fraser's day, but we have this terrible habit of complicating things. It's understandable, really, because there are so many things to worry about: our clothes, our bodies, our jobs, how much money we have, what other men think of us, and, most of all, what women think of us. But what the new Fabio and his female fans tell us is to let all of that fall away and listen to our simple, honorable, chivalrous, dancing, door-holding, hand-kissing, blond-locked better angels. "Life can be extremely complicated," Fabio advises his younger cohort. "It's up to you. Keep it simple. If you keep life simple, you're going to have a great life." ■



SHOULD YOU GO to Cuba? •



• Why You're Hearing About It

After President Obama reestablished diplomatic ties with Cuba in December, many were eager to cruise south immediately for an island adventure. Yet even as travel sites like Kayak are adding the destination to their search engines, heading to Havana isn't hassle-free yet.

• The Big Promise

Cuba has remained virtually unchanged since 1960 (Netflix just arrived in February). The crumbling Art Deco architecture, pristine beaches, and vintage American cars entice travelers to get there before it's overrun by tourists.

• The Travel Guru

"Someone who's a foodie, into staying in luxurious places, needs push-button comforts—that person isn't ready for Cuba, and Cuba isn't ready for them. It's going to be two to five years before Cuba can accommodate those travelers." —Joe Diaz, cofounder of travel publisher AFAR Media

• The Red Tape

Before you pack your guayaberas, know that there are only a dozen official Treasury Department-approved reasons to go, and tourism's not one of them (many visitors cite "people-to-people" exchanges). Direct flights from JFK begin mid-March; otherwise, you can hop on a charter or detour through Miami, Canada, Cancún, or the Bahamas.

• Converting Money Is a Pain

For the best rates, change your dollars into euros—and then when you land, convert those into Cuban convertible pesos, or CUCs (which are useless outside Cuba, so budget smartly). Yes, the new law says you can use credit cards, but while U.S. banks get set up (and since ATMs are hard to come by), it's best to rely on cash.

• The Opposition

The country's history of human-rights abuses is prompting groups like Human Rights Watch to remind travelers that Cuba isn't your average beach destination. And, with minimal infrastructure, it's not the lavish vacation some travelers are hoping for.

• Let's Run the Numbers

1,580%: Increase in traffic to GoToCuba.org after rules were relaxed
\$150: Approximate price of Havana Club 15 Años Gran Reserva Rum
\$100: Maximum value of alcohol and/or tobacco products that may be brought to the U.S. for personal use

• Not Your Typical Day at the Beach

"Without Internet or TV, you'll see kids in the National Ballet outdoors practicing and kids playing ball—life is lived outside. The people don't have the freedoms we do, so I wouldn't go to hang out on a beach and drink frozen drinks, but the culture is amazing." —Alejandro Ingelmo, Cuban-American shoe designer

A CHEF'S GUIDE TO CUBA

David Guas, the son of a Cuban immigrant and host of Travel Channel's *American Grilled*, shares his secrets for how to do the island right.

Eat & Drink

"Real Cuban food is the home cooking at tiny *paladares* with plastic tablecloths, like La Mulata, where I know to order the chicken—I don't even need a menu. And go to La Bodeguita del Medio, where the mojito was born. Get there early and stake out your bar stool."

Stay

"Hotel Nacional de Cuba has so much history, and it's well kept up. It's got beautiful grounds where you can walk out toward the Malecón," a sea-side esplanade.

Do

"Visit the Partagás cigar factory, where they still roll the originals—Partagás No. 5 is my favorite cigar. Make sure to call ahead and get a table at Tropicana. Trust me, you want to sit close to the stage."

The Bottom Line

Cuba is utterly analog and spectacularly Instagrammable, and if you're willing to rough it for a once-in-a-lifetime experience, get packing. If you want a luxury holiday and Wi-Fi at the ready, though, Diaz is right—wait awhile. Fodor's Travel vice president Arabella Bowen agrees: "There will still be plenty of 'time capsule' moments to experience in the months and even years ahead. I would wait to go."



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